



No. 530.—VOL. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

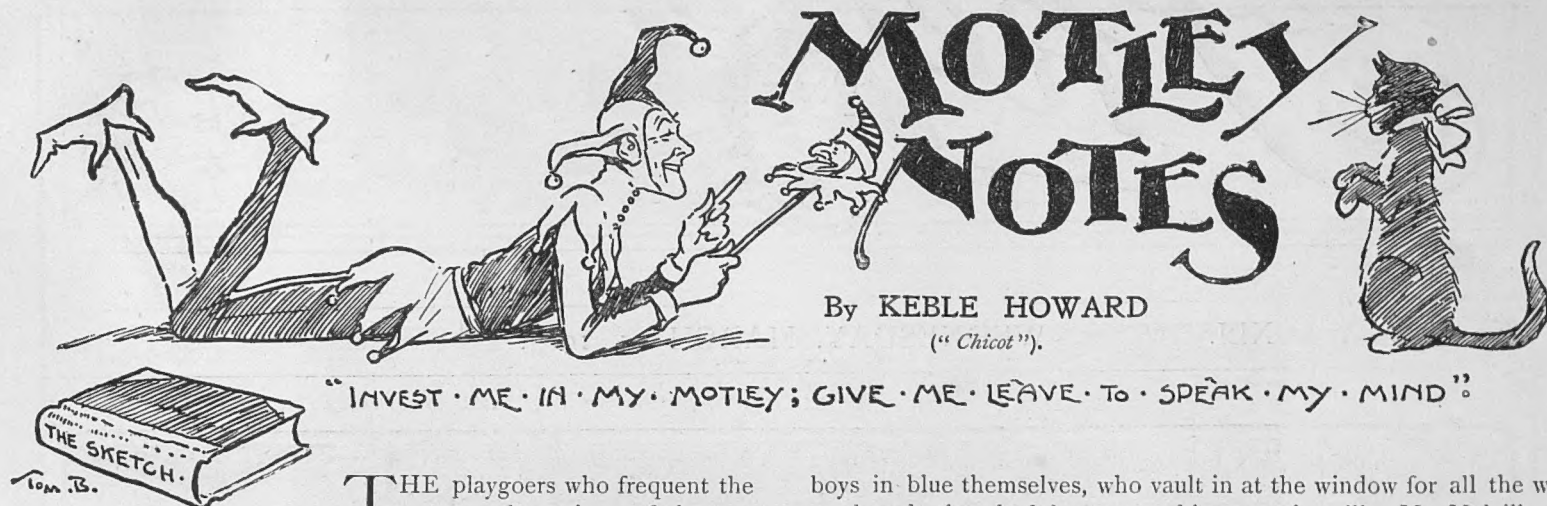


MISS JESSIE BATEMAN, NOW PLAYING IN "THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE,"

AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

THE playgoers who frequent the reserved portions of theatres have set a good example to the pittites and galleryites. So far from showing animosity towards Mr. Alexander for threatening to shut them out until the close of the Act if they were not in time, on the first night of "Old Heidelberg" they vied with each other as to who should be earliest seated. The friendly contest gave rise to a certain amount of confusion in the gangways, but the intent was excellent, and would certainly have brought tears of gratitude to the eyes of the Incomparable George had he not been busily engaged in removing from his handsome countenance the traces of managerial cares. In his absence, I took it upon myself to be quite touched at the sight; my only fear was that dyspepsia might set in among some of the stouter strugglers and cause them to take a pessimistic view of the performance. As luck would have it, however, the charm of the play was proof against mere physical discomforts, and the stalls, sentimentalists all, gushed appreciation and bubbled over with enthusiasm. The only losers were the police, who thus found themselves deprived of the opportunity to enact that charming little after-piece entitled, "Out You Go; or, A Case for Wholesale Eviction."

boys in blue themselves, who vault in at the window for all the world as though they had been crouching on the sill. Mr. Melville, you see, is a practical dramatist. His people do things. What an ideal play might be set before the public if only he would collaborate with John Oliver Hobbes!

Everyone who has read those charming "Private Papers of Henry Rycroft" will remember how lovingly the writer speaks of his books, and what a delight it was to him to flit to and fro amongst them, like a sort of literary butterfly, sipping a little sentiment here, gleaning a little knowledge there. In my humble way, and in so far as my modest library will permit me, I do much the same myself, and thus it happened that, not many evenings ago, I chanced across a dainty volume entitled "Indigestion: Its Prevention and Cure." From my earliest days, works of this kind have had for me a subtle fascination. I love to read of the wondrous mechanism of these bodies of ours; to strive to understand their strengths and their weaknesses. In the book to which I have referred, I came across one engrossing chapter on "The Toilet of the Stomach." Lack of space, unfortunately, prevents me from quoting any of the passages that I have marked; but I cannot refrain from informing the man who is apt to interfere with his digestion by drinking too much at dinner that, according to my authority, he should "dodge his thirst" by taking a whisky-and-soda twenty minutes or so before sitting down to the table. I hasten to add that, previous to taking the stimulant, he should be quite convinced that it is really necessary.

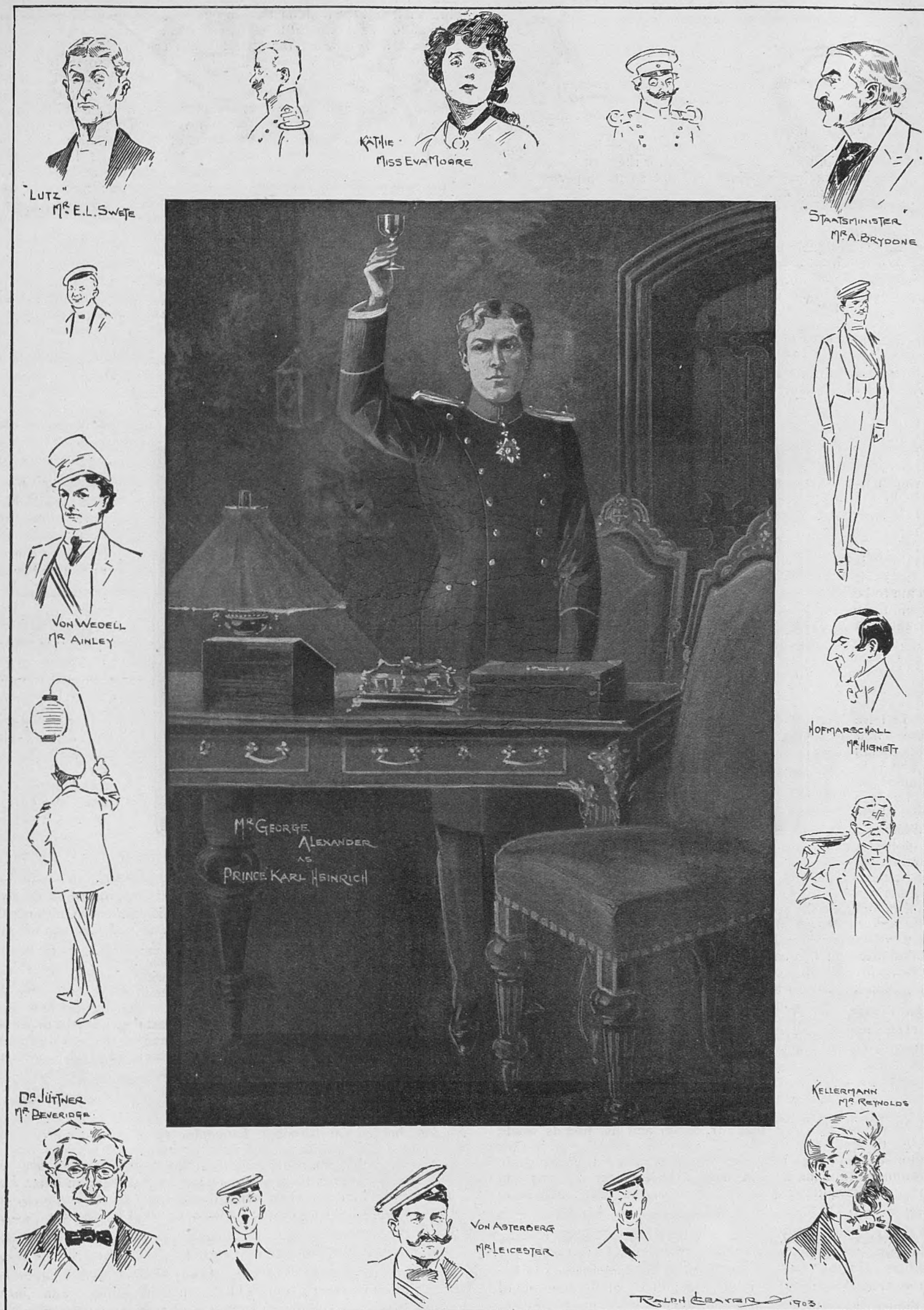
Another valuable addition to the literature of the present century is a manual called, "Speeches and Toasts: How to Make and Propose Them." The hints contained in this comprehensive book seem to me most admirable. As I never make speeches or propose toasts myself, however, it is possible that my opinion on the matter is not particularly reliable. Allow me, therefore, to place before my oratorical readers a fair sample of the goods in question. Here is an extract from the speech to be delivered at a School Festival by the Leader of the Excursion: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—Before we leave this place where we have all spent such a delightful day, I want you to give three cheers for Mr. —, by whose courtesy and kindness we have been enabled to enjoy ourselves so much. He is not present with us now, but I hope he will understand how fully we appreciate his kindness in permitting us to come here and picnic and run races, as we have all done to-day. We are glad to think there has been no damage done..."

I hold no brief for the author of this work, but I am bound to point out that the few sentences I have quoted betray a gift of oratory quite above the average, together with a wonderfully intimate knowledge of School Festivals. "He is not present with us now." Of course, he isn't; the unfortunate man has probably been sitting in his study for the last two hours, his windows tightly fastened and his door securely locked. The reference to "no damage done," on the other hand, concerns more nearly the teachers and the curate, who, in their whole-hearted enthusiasm, have been running races immediately after a substantial meal of sun-warmed bread-and-butter and sticky plum-cake. The uninitiated, possibly, will imagine that the speaker is congratulating himself on the fact that no trees have been broken down, no flower-beds trampled upon, no fruit stolen from the kitchen-garden. How uninitiated!

Poor Frances Vere, who is known to patrons of the Adelphi as "The Worst Woman in London," is not half so black as she's labelled. At any rate, I spent three Acts in her company on Friday evening last, and during the whole of that time the much-wronged lady merely separated a love-sick girl from her vulgar father and shot the old gentleman whilst he was sleeping uneasily beneath the green rays of an ostentatious moon. It was all very well, of course, for the other people in the cast to inform her, constantly, that she was the worst woman in London, but the majority of them were scarcely immaculate on their own account. The hero, for example, had every reason to believe that he had committed a murder in early life; the gentleman-villain was as villainous as he knew how to be with the limited amount of intelligence placed at his disposal by the dramatists; the heavy father had the ill-taste to chuckle over the recollection of his first wife's death; the heroine accepted the fact of the hero's guilt with the merest suggestion of impatience; the low-comedian gloried in the knowledge that he could get intoxicated in rather less than ten minutes; and the policeman on duty by the Marble Arch actually encouraged crime by cracking jokes with a pickpocket.

One sometimes hears people speak of the courage of Pinero, the daring of Jones, the originality of Bernard Shaw. Bless you, Mr. Walter Melville, the author of this particular melodrama, is the least conventional dramatist of our age. None of your old tricks and artifices for him. Improbabilities? He laughs at them. Soliloquies? He revels in them. Take, for instance, the following situation, and see how deftly he deals with it. A lady, who has shot a gentleman at midnight, is suddenly seized by another gentleman, who endeavours to strangle her. Having twice thrown the would-be assassin across the room, it occurs to the lady that the man really ought to be handed over to the police. But the house is situated in a lonely spot; how shall the police be summoned? The ordinary dramatist, of course, would make her ring for the men-servants, who, in their turn, would summon the police. Mr. Walter Melville, however, knows better than to annoy his audience by keeping them waiting. The lady, sure enough, rings the bell, but it is answered by the gallant





"OLD HEIDELBERG," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AND COMPANY SKETCHED BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.")



## THE CLUBMAN.

"*Shamrock III.*" and her American Antagonist—Bogus Idols and Mummies—Some Suspended Clubs.

THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY has christened *Shamrock III.*, and not only broke a be-ribboned bottle of champagne over the bows of the new Challenger for the America Cup, but pronounced a blessing and expressed a wish, "May you bring back the Cup," which will be echoed throughout Great Britain. We all hope that Sir Thomas has at last obtained a "Cup-lifter," to use the American slang expression which is gradually becoming embodied in the English language, for the Scottish chieftain who lay in bed and watched a spider had not so much perseverance as the Irish knight has shown.

I do not pretend to any knowledge of yacht-construction myself, but I gather from the talk of my nautical friends that one difficulty which our British designers have had to face is that they have had to build a yacht which has to race under different atmospheric conditions from those which prevail in British waters, for the boat which is as near perfection as may be in our damp, heavy atmosphere is not the same perfect thing in the lighter and drier airs of the coast off New York. The sailors say that, when the Americans have sent their crack boats over to us, they also have found drawbacks, the opposite ones to those we find when we send our boats over to America, and that a crack American cutter or yawl, racing with the spars and canvas she carries off Sandy Hook, is as likely as not to be overweighted when she sails in the Solent, and generally has to dock for alterations. Some of the American wonders undoubtedly do not repeat their feats when they cross the Atlantic. If this theory is correct, and it seems to me to be reasonable, there is no doubt that Mr. Fife, the designer, and Colonel Denny, and the other members of the firm who have built the new yacht, and Captain Wringe, who is to sail her, must have learned by the experiences of the other *Shamrocks* in what points a British-built boat is at a disadvantage in North American

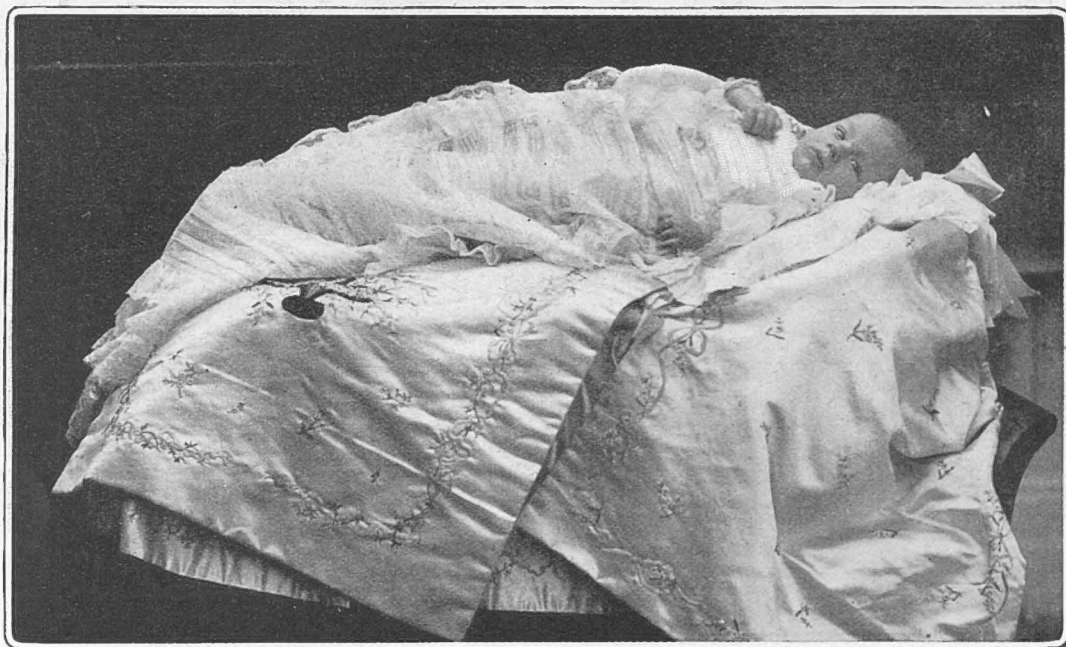
waters, and undoubtedly the present boat is designed to meet atmospheric conditions such as prevail off Sandy Hook. I have no doubt that, when the new boat is sailing her trial matches in the Solent, her owner and her designer and her captain will be thinking not of what she is doing at the moment, but of what she would be doing if the Wight were Long Island. Already some English critics are talking of her as a cockle-shell and questioning her stability, but she has been built to race in light winds as well as in stiffer weather. I am sure that I echo the wish of all Anglo-Saxon Clubmen on both sides of the Atlantic when I write that I hope there may be close races for the Cup; and I speak for British Clubmen when I say that I trust that this time next year the Ulster Yacht Club may hold a banquet, with the America Cup in the centre of the table, the burgee of the Club on one side of it, and Sir Thomas's racing-flag on the other, and that the members may then chat over the boat that Mr. Iselin and his friends would be expected to send over to try and take the Cup back, just as Mr. Iselin and some of the members of the New York Yacht Club, with the Cup before them, have been chatting over Sir Thomas and his venture, and have decided on the name of the boat which is to meet *Shamrock III.*

The American yacht, *Reliance*—a good, sturdy name—is now building at Bristol, not the port discovered by Columbus junior, but the one in Rhode Island. The Irish boat has much aluminium in her construction, but the American boat seems to be almost entirely of metal; indeed, all talk of wooden walls will soon be quite out-of-date, for wood is being gradually eliminated from our battleships because it is inflammable, and is disappearing from our yachts because metals are lighter. Nickel-steel, bronze, and aluminium figure very largely in the hull of the American boat. She is to be launched in the middle of next month.

In a snug little kingdom of my own, up four pair of stairs, a mummy-case stands on guard by my sitting-room door, and a gilded Buddha sitting on a lotus-flower looks down upon my writing-table. I have always felt that the Buddha, though purchased in a curiosity-shop down Kensington way, brought to my rooms some of the mysticism of the Far East, and believed that the mummy-case, which I picked up a bargain in St. John's Wood, had been cut from some tree in the forests of the Upper Nile and had held the embalmed remains of some great official of the Court of one of the Pharaohs. But now I learn the disquieting intelligence that the very best heathen deities in any state of disrepair are turned out at a very cheap price by American workmen at Philadelphia, and that some of the mummies of the best old Egyptian families are manufactured in Paris. I knew that the modern Egyptians do a rousing trade in catching and killing cats, embalming them, and selling them as mummies; and once, on a steamer bound for Japan, I saw a case consigned from Paris to Yokohama stove in, and it contained lacquer-ware sent to be sold in Yeddo; but it is cruel to have my faith in the genuineness of my Buddha and my mummy thus roughly shaken.

When the new Licensing Act was passed, I wrote that, though it would have the very good effect of inducing the Committees of all Clubs to look carefully through their rules and to bring them up to all legal requirements, it would not be used to harry any legitimate Clubs the members of which met for desirable purposes, but that the bogus Clubs which were drinking or gambling places sheltering behind the name of Club, a list of members, and a nominal subscription, would very soon be made to feel the power of Magistrates under the Act.

The police have already been busy in Yorkshire and London, and some Clubs have been struck off the register, while others have had their licences suspended for twelve, six, and three months.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

Taken by Ralph, Dersingham.

## THE KENDALS' NEW PLAY.

It cannot be said that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are lacking in the spirit of enterprise, for on starting every fresh tour they are found trying at least one new play, if not more. Their latest venture in this connection is, like several of their recent new productions, the work

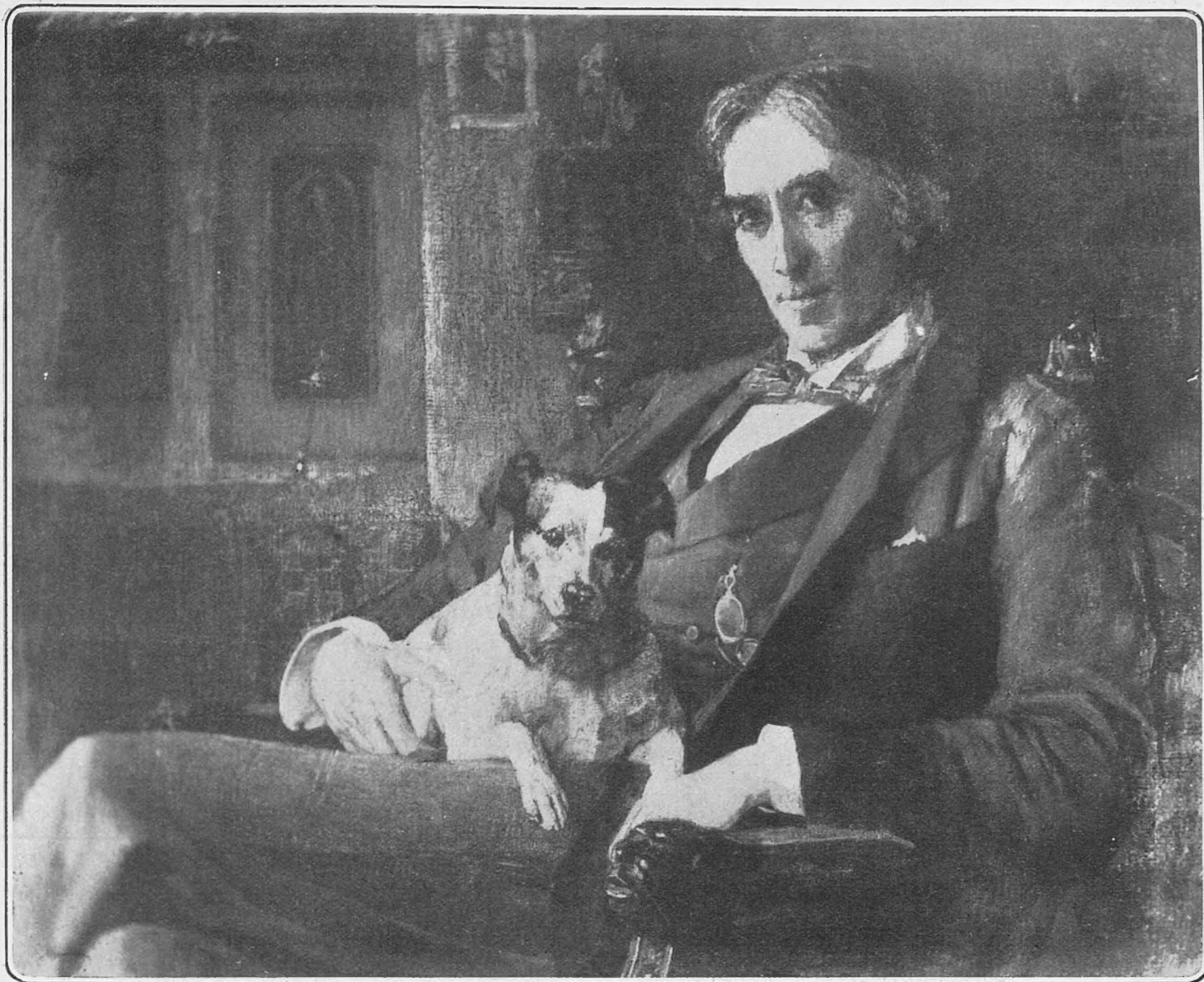
of a new writer, one "Charles Ward." It is entitled "One People," and its initial performance was given a few nights ago at that high-class but popular Liverpool theatre, the Court. Most of the plays produced by these celebrated artists have their respective scenes laid in England, and in English drawing-rooms at that. The action of "One People," however, takes place in South Africa, "where the war was," as old John Willet might say. Mrs. Kendal enacts the character of Anne McLeod, the sometime masterful mistress of Lonely Farm, on the borders of Cape Colony. Anne is beloved by a bold but good British officer named Sir James Stanley, and also by Louis Bauer, a bold but bad British subject who has allied himself with the Boers. Anne really loves Sir James, and him alone, but, out of sheer kindness of heart, she undertakes to secrete Louis in her cottage during an inspection by the British troops. Louis contrives to escape *pro tem.*, but an eavesdropper, happening to find it all out, betrays Anne to Sir James, who, not unnaturally, opines that Anne is playing him false and that she really loves the British-Boer, as one may call him. Anon, however, there is found among Bauer's kit a letter from Anne warning him off and declaring that she loves but Sir James, and all ends happily. "One People" affords good acting scope, especially for Mrs. Kendal.

## A ROYAL GEORGE.

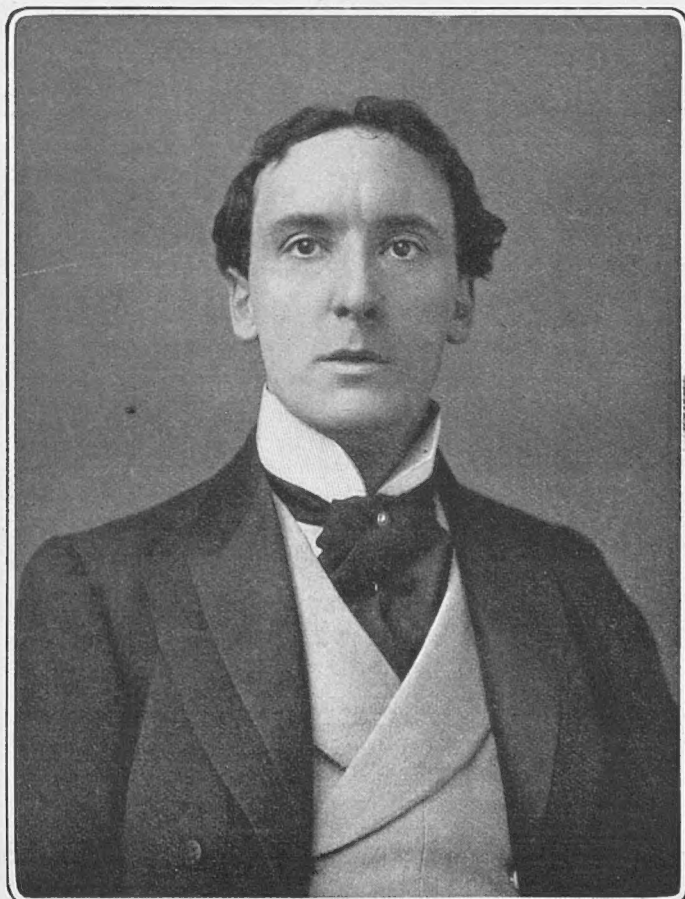
It is a curious fact that the fine old British name of George was borne by none of Queen Victoria's children. The Prince of Wales is also, among his many cousins, the exception that proves the rule, and only His Majesty's fourth grandson was given George as his first name. The baby Prince in question will be able to look back to having been—only just, however—a Coronation Year baby, and this will, doubtless, in years to come count as quite a distinction.



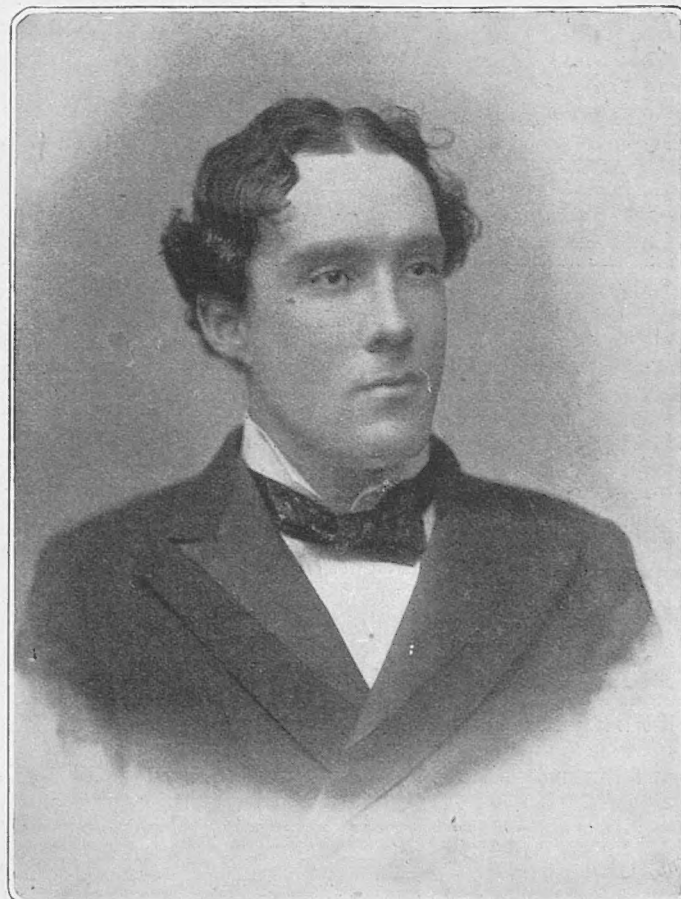
SIR HENRY IRVING AND HIS ACTOR SONS.



SIR HENRY IRVING IN MIDDLE LIFE.—FROM A PAINTING BY E. A. WARD, R.A.  
*Photograph by Cameron.*



MR. H. B. IRVING,  
NOW PLAYING THE LEAD IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON," AT THE DUKE OF  
YORK'S THEATRE.  
*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MR. LAURENCE IRVING,  
WHO HAS ADAPTED SARDOU'S "DANTE," SHORTLY TO BE PRODUCED BY SIR HENRY  
AT DRURY LANE.  
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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE news that the King is going to pay a visit to Lisbon is interesting from every point of view. The visits of British Royal personages to Spain and Portugal have been curiously rare, and yet, both through Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, our present Royal Family is closely connected with that of Portugal. The Marquis de Soveral, who accompanies the King to Lisbon, is, perhaps, the most popular of diplomats living. He has long

been honoured with the very special friendship of our Sovereign, and, doubtless, the forthcoming visit was greatly due to his efforts, though it is, of course, a return civility for that shown by King Carlos, who lately made quite a long stay in the United Kingdom.

*His Majesty's Host and Hostess.* The King and Queen of Portugal are certain to entertain King Edward with true mediæval magnificence. Portugal is much as it was a

hundred and more years ago. The stately old Palace where the King of England will be entertained is both gloomy and splendid, and not even Queen Marie Amélie's French lightness of touch has been able to transform it into a modern-looking castle. King Carlos has been exceptionally fortunate in his Consort; the young Queen is practical, kind-hearted, and high-minded. During the last few years she may be said to have reorganised the hospitals of her husband's kingdom, and, in order to give a good example to the ladies of her Court, she herself attended medical lectures and became an expert nurse. Her Majesty speaks English perfectly, for she spent much of her youth in exile in this country, and she is always specially kind and courteous to any distinguished Englishman or Englishwoman who happens to visit Lisbon. The King is in every sense of the word a "merrie monarch"; his very appearance has something cordial about it. He is adored in Portugal, the more so that he is a keen sportsman and an adept at all manly games.

*The Queen in Denmark.* The eighty-fourth birthday of King Christian will be celebrated early next month, and among the first of the venerable Sovereign's family circle to arrive in Denmark will be Queen Alexandra, who is expected to stay in the land of her birth for at least a month. Much has been written concerning the happy family circle composed of the Danish

Royal Family. Probably few realise how much King Christian and the late Queen Louise did in the way of preserving affectionate and peaceful relations between the various great countries with which they had so close a connection



COUNTESS MARIANNE VON CSÁKY-SZELL, HERR KUBELIK'S FIANCÉE.

*Photograph by C. Pietzner, Vienna.*

through the marriages of their children. The day may come when the world will look back regretfully to the time when kingdoms owed so much of their happiness to their rulers' intimate family connections. However admirable the President of a Republic may be in his domestic relations, he can never hope to call the ruler of another great State by the tender name of "father" or "brother"!

*Kubelik's Fiancée.* The Countess Marianne von Csáky-Szell was born in 1881. Her father, Wolfgang von Szell Bessenyei, is President of the Senate at Debreczin, Hungary. The Countess is a celebrated beauty, very accomplished, and plays the violin well. She was married four years ago to Count Csáky, but divorced him after a few months. The Countess is a relative of the Minister President of Hungary, von Szell.

*The Primrose Wedding.*

Next Saturday (28th) will take place the marriage of Lord Rosebery's eldest daughter to Mr. Charles Grant. Much to the surprise of Society, the wedding is to be at Epsom, and will thus be a comparatively quiet function. This is, doubtless, owing to the fact that Lady Sybil Primrose is still in mourning for a much-loved great-aunt. "The Durdans" is said to be Lord Rosebery's favourite among his many country places. It is more of an overgrown cottage than anything



THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.



THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

*Photographs by Camacho, Lisbon.*



else, and is one of the most comfortable bachelor establishments in the kingdom. There Lord Rosebery possesses a unique collection of sporting prints and paintings of famous racehorses, including eighteenth-century examples worth far more than their weight in gold. "The Durdans" was actually bought by its present owner soon after the death of Mr. Arthur Heathcote, so well known on the Turf as "The Squire." This was just twenty-five years ago, and few months have gone by without Lord Rosebery spending there a good deal of his time. Large parties have never been given at "The Durdans," excepting during Derby week. It was while staying there that Lord Rosebery enjoyed the great triumph of his racing life—the victory of Ladas in the Derby.

*The Bride-Elect.* Lady Sybil Primrose will be much missed among the younger Liberal hostesses. During the last few years she has constantly done the honours not only of Dalmeny and Mentmore, but of Lord Rosebery's splendid town-house in Berkeley Square. Of all girl hostesses she was the most successful and the most popular. She has the simple, cordial manner which was her mother's greatest charm, and, perhaps because she has been so much thrown in the company of famous men, there are few subjects in which she does not take an intelligent interest. Of course, it is very probable that, as Lady Sybil Grant, the ex-Premier's elder daughter will still play a considerable rôle in the social political world; but Mr. Grant is a keen soldier, and in these days it is impossible to say where a promising young officer may not be sent, even at a very short notice. Next Saturday's wedding will be a curious contrast to the great function in the Abbey which transformed Lady Margaret Primrose into the Countess of Crewe, but, if only Lady Sybil is blessed with a fine day, she will probably have quite as pretty if not so splendid a wedding as had her sister, for "The Durdans" is an ideal house in which to hold a small and intimate wedding-reception.

*The Prince in the Gallery.* When the King was Prince of Wales he visited the House of Commons frequently. His son is following his example. The Prince spent a recent afternoon listening to talk on the Army, and two days in succession he attended the Navy debates for several hours. On one occasion he was accompanied by a Peer who holds an office in the Household and who sat beside him; on other occasions he was attended by an Aide-de-Camp, who sat a few yards off on the Diplomatic Bench, while the Prince was in the Peers' portion of the Gallery. Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles gave lively amusement to His Royal Highness, who smiled often at the sallies of the critic behind the Government. The Prince studied the members and watched everything that went on in the House.

*Mr. Chamberlain at St. Stephen's.* Unionists gave Mr. Chamberlain as enthusiastic a reception as was within the range of their lungs when he returned to the House of Commons last week. Although thinner, he appeared to be in capital health and spirits. He was pleased with his reception, and the Unionists of the rank-and-file were delighted to have him at hand again. The Party had not done well in his absence, and friends of the Government hope he will infuse into it a better spirit. There is certainly invigoration even in the aspect of a Minister who has such an alert and aggressive air.

*Navy Estimates.* Although many Members of Parliament moaned over the increase of three millions in the Navy Estimates, very few opposed them. Whatever may be said about the Army, the demands of the Government for the Navy are scarcely ever resisted. Most even of the peace-loving Radicals contented

themselves with pious appeals to the Ministers to abstain as far as possible from provoking the competition of Foreign Powers. "Let us arrange for a mutual reduction," some of them said; but Mr. Arnold-Forster stated that Lord Goschen, when at the Admiralty, had twice



THE HON. MRS. CHARLES FORESTER.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

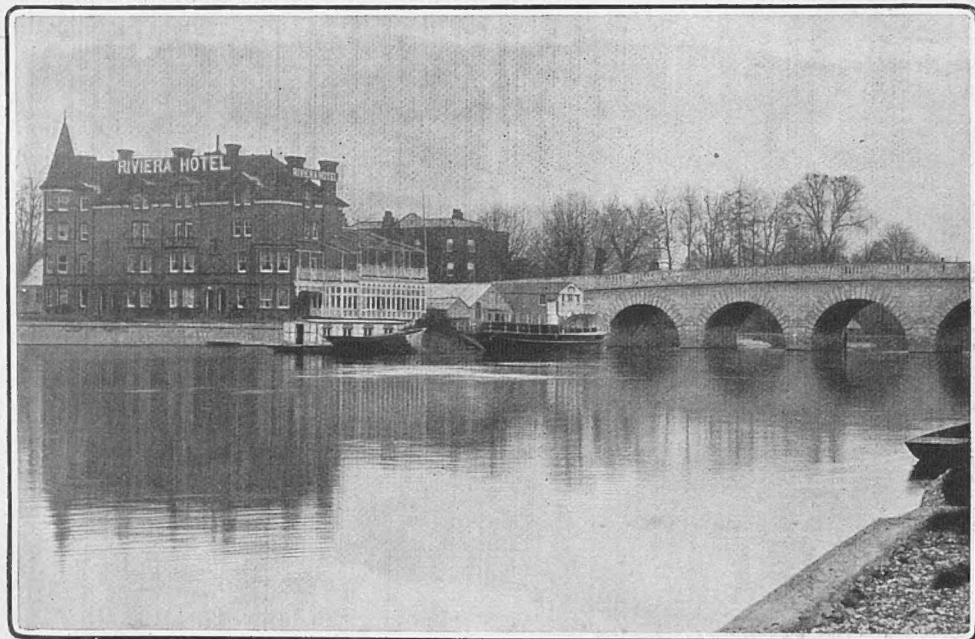
offered to reduce the Estimates if other Powers would do the same, and there was no response to his offers.

*A Scottish Beauty.* Mrs. Charles Forester, one of Lord Forester's pretty group of daughters-in-law, is really a Scottish beauty, for she was before her marriage Miss Elspeth Mackenzie. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forester have a pretty place near Ascot, "The Crossways," and they are both very popular in smart Society. Lord Forester is one of the few British Peers who has what may be called special Royal privileges, for one of his ancestors was granted the right by Henry VIII. of wearing his hat in the Royal presence.

*Officers' River Club.* The Club for officers on the river, which is to be a new feature of the Thames season, will have its headquarters in the premises hitherto known as the "Riviera Hotel" at Maidenhead Bridge. The membership is confined to the rolls of the Navy and Army Clubs in town, the object being to provide in combination a riverside retreat where officers held to duty in the summer may spend their week-ends and where Army men of all sorts may meet.

*A Princely Family.* The largest family among Royal personages is that possessed by Duke Robert of Parma, whose second wife, the Infanta Maria Antonia of Portugal, has just presented him with another daughter, which makes, in all, his nineteenth child. By his first wife, Princess Maria Pia des Graces of Bourbon Sicily, the Duke had three sons and five daughters, and by his second wife he has now five sons and six daughters. The Duke is a very retiring man, and first became known to the public when his eldest daughter, the Princess Marie, married, in 1893, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

*"Milk, O!"* The noise which the milkman makes by rattling his cans in the early morning has long been a cause of bitter complaint to the Londoner, but the advance of science leads one to hope that the can may be abolished in the near future. It has been discovered that if a little gelatine is added to milk the liquid becomes solid, and that no harm is done to the milk or the consumer. If the process proves a success, we may yet have our milk sent out in pats, like butter, to the advantage of all concerned.



THE NEW ARMY AND NAVY CLUB-HOUSE AT MAIDENHEAD.

Photograph by W. F. Brunell, Kensal Rise.



*The King's Visit to Tring Park.*

It is announced that His Majesty the King will shortly pay a week-end visit to Lord Rothschild at Tring Park, Herts. His Majesty was last there in 1897, his visit extending over three days. Several alterations have been made in the town since then, one of the most noticeable being the removal of the old Market House, a dilapidated building which stood opposite the entrance to Tring Park. Its removal has made a fine open space in the centre of the town, and opened up the view of the grand old Parish Church, where it is expected His Majesty will attend divine service. The King's last visit was a semi-public one, and the town was decorated by public subscription; but on the present occasion, it is understood, the visit will be a private one.

Few birds are more persecuted than the rook and the sparrow, and few people interested in agriculture will listen to a good word on their behalf. So far as the rook is concerned, examination of his stomach when he has been shot is sufficient to prove that the farmer is not justified on the ground of self-preservation. The rook does more good than harm. It would be well to remember this now the days are approaching when young, half-fledged rooks will be shot round their nests. For the sparrow it is not so easy to hold a brief, but a gentleman of great colonial experience who has served the British Government in many countries has been telling me that the sparrow has done a great deal of good in New Zealand. For many years farmers were unable to

raise wheat and barley because of the caterpillars that infested the land. At last, sparrows were brought from England, and in a year or two the farmers were raising record crops, forty to sixty bushels to the acre. Even then they grudged the sparrows their share of the crops they had brought into existence, and wanted to form Clubs for their destruction.

If the numerous Sparrow Clubs that exist in the home country to-day have not done much harm, it is largely because game-preservation has done so much to destroy the natural enemies of these birds that they were beginning to increase too rapidly. Happily, the sparrow thrives whether you persecute or leave him in peace, and I am well assured that farmers would gain little or nothing by his complete destruction.

One of the most ridiculous yarns that has ever been invented, even in Paris, has been given a place of honour in the Chauvinist Press. The story is that at the time when the French filibustering expedition was at Fashoda two English cruisers

were kept at Gibraltar, with steam up, ready to start at a moment's notice to bombard Marseilles should the French Government make any difficulties about Major Marchand's return. Marseilles is an unfortified town, and, while the French fleet was in the Mediterranean, no ships, in case of war, would attend to anything but that fleet and Toulon. These falsehoods are deliberately put about by the enemies of the *entente cordiale*, but it is hard to believe that any educated Frenchman can be taken in by them.



VISIT OF THE KING TO TRING PARK: HIS MAJESTY DRIVING WITH LORD ROTHSCHILD AT TRING PARK IN 1897.



A VIEW TAKEN AT THE ENTRANCE TO TRING PARK: THE PARISH CHURCH, WHICH THE KING WILL PROBABLY ATTEND.

Photographs by F. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.



*London Sketch Club.*

Diverting and spirited features invariably characterise the shows of the London Sketch Club, and the tenth exhibition, now opened at the Continental Gallery, includes many works that attract by virtue of the character, humour, and vivacity that the artists have succeeded in imparting to them. Mr. Cecil Aldin's comical sporting series; Mr. Lance Thackeray's amusing conceptions, such as "Hope," which expresses the eager anticipation of a fisherman; Mr. Tom Browne's character studies, especially the quaint Dutch types, "A Volendam Girl" and "Evening Light"; and Mr. Dudley Hardy's "The Close of Day," wherein a fishwife stands out against the harbour scenery, which is rendered in a delicate tone, are among the works that may be relied on to have an exhilarating effect on visitors. There are also several landscapes displaying no little technical skill, and often giving evidence of a fresh and individual outlook on Nature, though it must not be supposed that these works are in all cases the outcome of the two hours' limit on Friday evenings. Mr. Haité shows brilliant water-colour representations of "The Bay of Naples" and "Great Marlow." Some of Mr. Lee Hankey's clever and characteristic productions include "After Work," a pretty composition with a girl resting in a rural scene. A water-colour by Mr. Montague Smith, "At Eventide," is notable for the fascinating twilight tone that envelops the sheep and their

*Institute of Water-Colour Painters.*

One may examine the show just opened at the Royal Institute, Piccadilly, with a great deal of pleasure, but disappointment is likely to result from a search for any work of supreme merit, or even for one that is likely to take a distinguished place among the pictures of the year. The average level is high, there is plenty of pleasing colour and an abundance of clever technique; but there is nothing unusually impressive, unless, indeed, it be Mr. Lee Hankey's "It's the Child's Turn Now," which, however, with all its merits of workmanship and colour, fixes itself on the memory chiefly by reason of the extraordinary painfulness of the subject—a wayfaring woman lying dead in the grass with her wistful and bewildered child waiting beside her. In Sir J. D. Linton's "Doubt" are two elaborately wrought mediæval figures, the girl pondering on her answer to a time-honoured question, and, as she hesitates, we may guess the result. Mr. Yeend King shows two bright and cheerful landscapes, "Zell am See" and "The Iser at Bad Tölz," and near by are two dainty kittens by Madame Ronner. One of the most brilliant and vivaciously coloured landscapes in the show is "The Ford," with children in the water, the work of Mr. B. E. Minns. Mr. John Hassall's "The Morning of Agincourt," with rugged archers in battle-array, is original and noteworthy; and a particularly strong work is Mr. Dudley Hardy's "Toilers," with



"THE MORNING OF AGINCOURT."—BY JOHN HASSALL. (EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.)

Photograph by Paul Laib, South Kensington.

surroundings. Mr. Walter Fowler shows a well-observed effect, "A Muddy Road," on which a waggon advances and the puddles reflect the evening sky. "A Brittany Pastoral" is a pretty example of Mr. Claude Hayes's skill in water-colour, with sheep resting in the shadow of the trees; and Mr. Adrian Jones's "A Warm Evening" is another attractive picture, in which horses are cleverly rendered as they return from their day's work at the plough.

*Mr. Eyre-Walker's Water-Colours.*

Though Mr. W. Eyre Walker sometimes misses the bolder and more impressive aspects of Nature in his study of her delicate details, his show at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street, includes much that calls for admiration on account of its skilful handling and pleasant colour. The subjects are "Woodland, Moorland, and Stream," and a good deal of sympathy for the wild and remote scenery that he illustrates is manifested by the artist. There is more breadth in "Moonrise on the Lowther" than appears in most of the examples, and the cool tone of the landscape contrasts well with the brilliant light of the moon. Another pleasant work, delicate and reserved in colour, is "Twilight on the Lowther." In "Holne, Devonshire," is some effective work, and clever technique marks "The Clearing of a Devonshire Copse." The winding River Wey and its adjacent green meadows are shown in a pretty landscape. The Westmorland Fells afford a bold effect of hillside against a darkening sky, and a landscape of quiet evening tone represents "A Yorkshire Upland Farm." The fine ruins of Newark Abbey also afford pictorial opportunities of which the artist has availed himself creditably.

fishing-boats containing many characteristic figures, and the sheen on the fish well managed. Miss Atcherley's landscape, "Rejoice," in which appear a river, a bridge, and bold trees, is broad and spirited. The large picture by Mr. Joseph Knight, "Aber Marsh: Evening," represents the evening light on the hills and the shadow in the vale with some discrimination and power. Mr. Haité illustrates a lively scene at Dordrecht, dealing with figures, shipping, and water in spirited fashion. Much delicacy of tone distinguishes Mr. Max Ludby's flock of sheep "Changing Pasture," and sheep appear again in Mr. Aumonier's "Across the Common," a work full of sunset glow. The typical London scene, "Leaving the Theatre," in which Mr. Wells has depicted the familiar crowd in opera-cloaks and evening-dress and the carriages in waiting, is satisfactory in all but the management of artificial light. The Society of Miniaturists, as usual, hold an exhibition in the gallery, but the work does not reach a very high standard, though Madame Chardon is represented by a brilliant portrait in Louis XV. costume. Mr. Praga has hit the likeness and, to some extent, the character of the Lord Chief Justice. Mrs. St. Clair Scott shows some elaborate work, including a richly coloured portrait of Miss Violet Defries; and Miss Ethel Webling has succeeded in acquiring something of Madame Chardon's technique, but not her colour.

Lovers of the St. James's Hall will be glad to hear that this historic concert-room will not be pulled down until, at all events, after next winter. Application for vacant dates may continue to be addressed to the secretary as usual.



*Ice Gymkhana at Davos Platz.* At times during the Davos Platz winter season, which is now nearing its end, there is quite a little colony of journalists and authors who find the pure air and bracing climate of these high Alpine retreats the most valuable mental and bodily stimulus. Foremost amongst these who have thrown themselves enthusiastically into the snow and ice sports which have made this Davos season so successful have been Mr. E. F. Benson and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. The former is a skater of great experience and skill and aspires to high competition honours, whilst Mr. Jerome, attired in a sweater and a woolly St. Moritz cap, has been prominent on the rink every day and has shown himself to be a thorough expert in the cutting of "3's" and "8's." When not skating, Mr. Jerome and his wife were usually to be found interesting themselves in the other sports of Davos and taking snapshots of the same. Our photo shows the author of "Paul Kever" watching an Ice Gymkhana, his camera, ready for action, tucked under his arm.

#### Revolutionary Committees.

In view of the outcry against the Turk so carefully fostered by interested or ignorant folk, a special interest attaches to Mr. G. F. Abbott's exposure in the current *Nineteenth Century* of the methods by which Macedonian Committees carry on their business. These Committees work from Bulgaria, and permit their members to extort blackmail and commit murder, if necessary, in order to upset the Turk's rule in the Christian vilayets. It would appear that the abduction of Miss Stone was directed from Sofia by the Revolutionary Committee, which was careful to handle a large part of the proceeds. Boris Sarafoff was the original leader of the Committees, but now he has a rival in the person of General Zoutcheff, who came to the front at the last Congress, held in August at Sofia. In their way, the men employed by the Revolutionary Committees are as cruel as the worst Turks, and it is not possible to look for peace in the Balkans until Messrs. Zoutcheff and Sarafoff are hanged or otherwise effectively disposed of. For a long time they and their followers have shared all atrocities with the Turk, but only the Turk gets blamed. Mr. Abbott's timely and courageous article should do something to balance public opinion. The Turk is a bad administrator, and no more civilised than the Russian or the Bulgarian when he is roused, but he is



MR. JEROME K. JEROME WATCHING THE ICE GYMKHANA AT DAVOS PLATZ.

by no means so black as he is painted. Speaking from experience, I would rather trust a Turk than an Armenian or a Bulger. I might be cheated by the first; I should certainly be cheated by the others.

#### "L'Aiglon's" Monument.

A curious monument at Weissenburg, which was put up to commemorate the birth of the King of Rome, the only son of Napoleon I., is now in the last stage of dilapidation. The monument has a strange history. When Napoleon's heir was born, in 1811, the city of Weissenburg, wishing to prove its joy at the event and also its devotion to the French Empire, set up the little pyramid which still exists with its Latin inscription on the southern boundary, and a fountain on its northern boundary. This fountain was a jet of water which fell into a basin, and on the top of the basin was a globe bearing the words "Empire Français." In 1826, when a Commission was appointed to rectify the Franco-Bavarian frontier, the monument was, by some piece of carelessness, left in Bavarian territory; but, nevertheless, the French Government looked after it until 1870. During the war, the Prussian soldiers amused themselves by smashing the globe, and for the last thirty years the fountain has been allowed to fall into decay. The Bavarians might do something to preserve this memorial of the unfortunate Prince who would hardly be known to the present generation were it not for M. Rostand's play, "L'Aiglon."



MISS LILY BRAYTON, PLAYING THEODOSIA IN "RESURRECTION," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

Although no great importance has attached to the Ichenhauser sale of pictures in New York, there is no doubt at all that the low prices fetched by "Old Masters" fluttered the dove-cotes of the art-dealer's world. A portrait by Lely fetched ninety pounds, a Velasquez one hundred and ten, a Gainsborough three hundred, and a Vandyck four hundred guineas. All this is very interesting, and the suggestions made by leading dealers that the pictures may not have been genuine is more interesting still. Everybody, with the exception of the happy possessors, knows that America has imported in the last decade a mass of pictures and furniture that must be reckoned dear at the price paid to the New York Customs House for admission to the home of the free. If the truth is to be told about all the collections recently brought into America, there will be such a slump as will send "Old Masters" begging, as some of them did before millionaires were invented.



*Inter-Varsity  
Ladies' Hockey  
Match.*

While the Boat-race and various other forthcoming events which concern the "mere man" have been monopolising the attention of those sport-lovers to whom an Inter-Varsity contest of any sort is a great attraction, the ladies of the rival Blues have been contending in a friendly match which has attracted comparatively little attention. On March 17, the Ladies' Hockey teams of Oxford and Cambridge

successful on record. Professor Villari, the President, tells me that already over two thousand members have sent in their names to the Committee, and the latter are at their wits' end to know where to find room to seat them all. The whole of the Collegio Romano will be taken for the discussions, which will each be held in a different hall, the discussion on the Forum taking place in the actual Forum itself, under the presidency of the renowned archæologist, Signor Boni.

When, after the Congress, the members repair to Assisi, they will have the privilege of being ciceroned by M. Paul Sabatier, the great authority on the life of St. Francis d'Assisi.

*An Impossible  
Betrothal.*

The hopes that were entertained of a reconciliation between the German Emperor and the Duke of Cumberland, who claims the Kingdom of Hanover, have come to nothing. It was hoped that the Crown Prince of Prussia would have been engaged to one of the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and that so a way would have been paved for restoring the rightful King of Hanover. But the Duke refuses to yield his rights in the slightest degree, and, sooner than meet the Emperor William at Copenhagen, he has, of his own accord, left Denmark, and has gone with his wife and family to Gmünden. So ends all chance of a marriage which would have been a romance not unworthy of an historical novel, and the Crown of Hanover still remains without a wearer.

*Fortune-telling  
by Dates.*

A very simple way of telling fortunes by the date of the inquirer's birth used to be practised in France in the time of the Regency. When M. Legouvé, the Academician who has just died, was a little boy, an old woman, who remembered the days of the Duke of Orleans, prophesied his luckiest year in this way. She took the year of his birth and added to it the four figures to the year. The date of his birth was 1807, so  $1807 + 16 = 1823$ . She did this three times, the second time making  $1823 + 14 = 1837$ , and the third time making  $1837 + 19 = 1856$ . This latter date, she declared, would be one of the most important of the child's life. Curiously enough, it was in 1856 that M. Legouvé was elected a Member of the French Academy. Fortune-telling is very popular just now, and so simple a method of finding out which is to be the great year of one's life should not be overlooked.

*A Chance for  
Millionaires.*

York House, Twickenham, is again in the market, and many a modern millionaire might do worse than acquire this delightful historic property—the birthplace of two British Queens, the home of two Kings in exile, and a spot where two very delightful writers, the great Lord Clarendon and the new Royal Trustee of the National Gallery, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, wrote essays, letters, and diaries innumerable. York House—which, of course, takes its name from its one-time owner, James II., who was, at the time he lived there with his first wife, Anne Hyde, Duke of York—is surrounded by very pretty grounds; in the long, low drawing-room famous gatherings have taken place, for during the years when the late Comte de Paris and his family lived there he was constantly visited by the most distinguished Englishmen and Englishwomen, including our present Sovereign and the Queen. At York House also took place the wedding-reception which followed the marriage of Princess Hélène of Orleans and the Duke of Aosta.



OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH: A "ROLL IN" TO OXFORD.

met at Blackheath, and after a good game, in which each side proved how well the fair sex can emulate the prowess of their masculine confrères, Cambridge were left the winners by six goals to one. Though the score shows that the Cambridge ladies outclassed the fair representatives from the banks of the Isis, the play was not so one-sided as might be imagined, for the Dark Blue ladies made a gallant fight, and, though beaten, were not by any means disgraced.

*The Pope.*

Whatever anxiety the members of the Vatican may entertain regarding the health of Pope Leg XIII., it is quite clear that that anxiety is in no way shared by the venerable Pontiff himself (writes my Rome Correspondent). Only the other day, he invited to a quiet family dinner his three nephews, Counts Camillo, Riccardo, and Lodovico, together with their respective families, and also his intimate friend, Commendatore Sterbini, and his family. It stands to reason that the Pope was not allowed by Dr. Lapponi to be present at the dinner himself, but his guests, after partaking of his hospitality, came and talked for a long time with him in his private apartment, the Pope chatting away most brightly, without any apparent effort, and relating reminiscences from the days of his youth. He is said to be very fond of his nephews, whom he often sends for in order to enjoy a nice chat with them. When he wants them, he tells one of his Chamberlains or the Major-domo to "ask those boys to come and chat" with him. The "boys" in question are all white-haired with age. The Pope fully hopes to live to see and to take part in the celebration of the Immaculate Conception in December 1904.

*The late  
King Humbert.*

A most impressive ceremony was held on Saturday in the ancient Pantheon. It was in memory of "Good King Humbert," and was attended only by the King of Italy, the Dowager-Queen Margherita, Queen Elena, and a select few of the Royal Household. The whole building was draped in black and the short service was most solemn and touching. The two Queens knelt, while the King stood the whole time. A couple of hours afterwards, the State service was held, and at this were present nearly all the State Ministers and all the chief functionaries of the Municipality. Outside the Pantheon were stationed soldiers, three deep, in a huge semicircle, while gay-uniformed gendarmes, mounted on their somewhat unkempt but sturdy ponies, kept guard in all the streets adjoining. The date of the service concurred with the birthday of the late King. The reason for the choice of this date instead of July 29, when King Umberto was assassinated, is to be found in the fact that all who can be away from Rome in the hot weather repair in July, August, and September to the hills and to other climes. The alteration of the date, though far from popular, has not been made out of sheer arbitrariness.

The History Congress, which will meet in Rome on April 2, will be one of the most



OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH: A GOOD RUN BY OXFORD



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*An Automobile Carnival.*

The old order certainly has changed, giving place to new, in regard to the Mi-Carême Procession (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). They were not beautiful, those old, lofty cars of the Reines des Reines; but their tawdry decorations and tinsel somehow suggested something of the past of France and linked it to its history. "And once a country cuts itself away from its traditions," said Gladstone, "it is lost." So it candidly seemed to me on Thursday. The flaunting mousquetaires on horseback reigning in their steeds, the gingerbread thrones, were gone. All that remained was the automobile. It was a great and inevitable triumph for the new Lords of the Highways. I cannot for one moment congratulate the automobile on its début in a street procession. It was exquisite in the Exhibition grounds, when the Automobile Club organised their fête and had a well-guarded roadway to manoeuvre in. It was the most brilliant night of the Fair. On the Boulevards it was another story. Only being able to get along at a snail's pace, they groaned, screamed, and cursed, and not the youngest spring poet could have spoken of scintillating, shivering, myriad-coloured confetti on a violet-wafted air. No; the olfactory senses had a hard day's work.

*Ernest Legouvé.*

The doyen of the French Academy died as he wished. For ninety-seven long years he had lived the life of a young man of intelligence, and hardly noticed that the years rolled by. He was as lithe and erect as the soundest athlete. Once out of his cold bath, he was off to Rue's Fencing Academy, and till the very morning of his death could waltz across the floor, when the combat became warm, like a nimble youngster. Always he said, "I have no fear of death—none. All I am afraid of are the circuitous routes that lead to it." I was astounded when I visited the author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" in his appartement in the Rue St. Marc. I had gone to speak to him about the causeries in French theatres, now so popular, and which originated with him and the late Francisque Sarcey fifty years ago. When subjects became general, I could understand why the man had stood still and defied time. Every incident of the day, every farce, every comedy, was gently criticised or complimented. He was not impregnated by the usual senile idea that those who live to-day see nothing of the theatrical marvels of forty years ago. He praised Réjane and Granier, shook his sides at reminiscences of Baron and Brasseur, and, so to speak, blessed the whole wide world for the happiness it had given him.

*Such is Fame.*

The walls are buried with posters of the Olympia and the Casino, who are fighting one another over the "looping of the loop" bicycle-trick, with legal proceedings threatened over the patent. Unfortunately, someone has turned

over old copies of *L'Illustration* of 1846, and found the "looping the loop" at the Frascati Gardens at Havre fully illustrated and with a detailed description. How many of the schoolboys, I wonder, who have swung round a basket of eggs and noticed that none ever fell have heard the word "centrifugal," and imagined that, if the egg would only come outside and swing him round, he could earn twenty pounds a-night?

*Sarah Bernhardt's Season.*

In a few more days, Sarah will again go on her wanderings, while the Season, which is at its height from Easter to the Grand Prix, has not opened. "Werther," that I recognised as foredoomed, has passed away after a few nights' run. This means that the great tragédienne has within a few weeks superbly mounted "Théroigne de Méricourt," "Andromaque," and "Werther" with no appreciable success. It is extraordinary that an actress like Sarah cannot find a triumph, while all the other theatres are turning away money nightly. She is conscientious in her dealings with young or famous authors; but, somehow, she cannot select a piece that will lead on to fortune.

*Balzac on the Stage.*

The Odéon is having a great success with "La Rabouilleuse," by Fabre, after Balzac. A strange history that play has. When Gémier was working the outlying theatres at four francs a-night, his laundress, he told us, stopped credit, and he was left without an evening-dress shirt, with the curtain just going up on "La Dame aux Camélias." He got a sheet of white foolscap paper, lined it out with pencil and a rule, and put in the studs. And he had a big success. When Gémier took over the Renaissance to fight his old master, Antoine, at his own door-step, he secured "La Rabouilleuse," but never used it, and kept on with failure after failure till bankruptcy came. The irony is that he is now appearing in the very play that, had he produced it, would have spelt his own fortune. It is a profound study, of a highly dramatic character, of the amours of a senile dotard in the hands of a handsome girl.

*"La Scala Girls."*

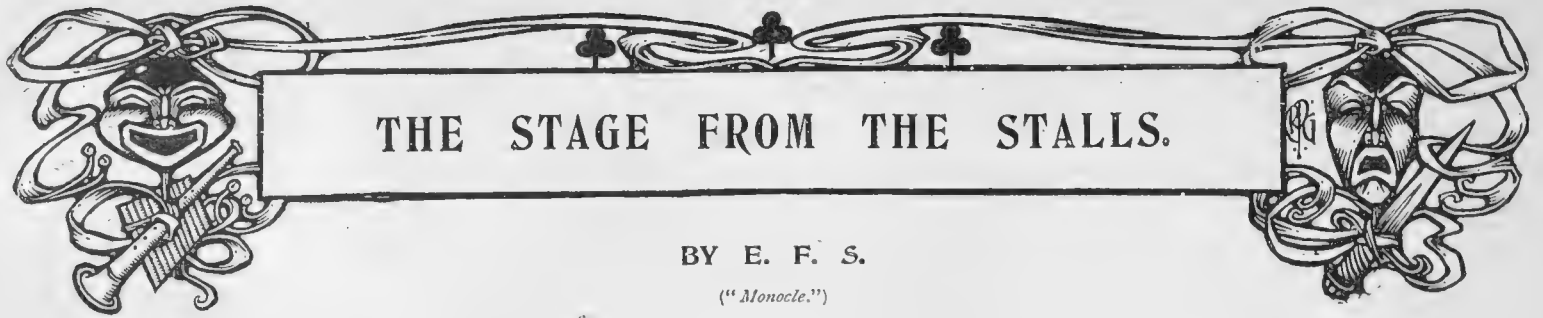
"The Eight La Scala Girls" now appearing at the Palace Theatre have for the last four years been the rage of the Continent and America, but have never before been seen in London. They are engaged at the Palace for a limited period only, as in May they return to Paris to fulfil a twelvemonth's engagement at the new theatre which is now in course of construction on the site of the Moulin Rouge. Their speciality is American songs and eccentric dancing, but in Paris they practically created the sensational revue, "C'est un Raid," which ran for an entire season at the Scala, whence they take their name. Their dresses are the creations of the first costumiers in Paris, and, indeed, a visit to the Palace is justified if only to see these beautiful costumes.



"THE EIGHT LA SCALA GIRLS" NOW APPEARING AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE TWO MR. WETHERBYS"—"THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE"—"THE MAN AND HIS PICTURE"—"OLD HEIDELBERG."

LAST WEEK showed much activity in the playhouses, but in some respects was disappointing. Tuesday gave us the revival of a famous but not brilliant old comedy, Wednesday an adaptation from the German, and Thursday another adaptation from the German, hardly an encouraging state of things for the living native dramatist! Indeed, he may well sigh when he finds the three chief playhouses of London (the St. James's, His Majesty's, and the Haymarket) closed to him at present. Of course, it may be said that it is very hard to find the modern English writer of comedy, and yet last week gave agreeable evidence of the existence of young writers of remarkable ability. For on Monday the Stage Society presented "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," by Mr. St. John Hankin, a brilliant if not altogether satisfactory light comedy, and it may be remembered that the same Society a few weeks ago gave Mr. Maugham's play, "A Man of Honour," a serious comedy of very considerable power. One cannot help wondering why two young writers of such ability have been caused to make their first appearance as dramatists under such circumstances. It may be admitted that neither play as it stands would make money, but each, with modifications quite consistent with the dignity of the author, would be likely to command success. Mr. Hankin's play needs a little compression and the removal of some obscurity, and then, if as well acted as at the Imperial, certainly would cause in the ordinary playhouses an echo of the hearty laughter heard at the Stage Society's entertainment. The author has still to learn that the British playgoer, and some of the critics too, cannot be trusted to see anything that is not very obvious. He must apply to them the maxim of the advocate, that you have to tell a thing twice to a Judge and thrice to a Jury if you want them to appreciate it.

For instance, in his play there is an entertaining contest between Constantia and her husband, Dick Wetherby. They are really fond of one another, yet separated. Why? Because Constantia wished to rule the roast and to carry into her married life with the lively, rather frivolous, but not vicious Dick the austere views of life with which she has been brought up. Consequently, when Dick rebelled, she thought she would bring him to reason and repentance by leaving the house. She wanted to go back on her own terms, and, proud of her beauty, believed that he was so much in love with her that she could re-enter in triumph; but Dick, though anxious that she should return, knew that happiness was impossible unless she were humbled. There was an intensely amusing scene when they met after a year's separation. Constantia had arranged everything in her mind and told her views to the family. Dick was to sue for pardon and to apologise sincerely, and then, after he had pleaded humbly, was to be forgiven. Dick arrived, treated her suggestions as a joke, made fun of the proud beauty, and flatly declared that he did not want her back on any terms. In the end, he won completely. She was so anxious to return that, at the last, she humbly begged for forgiveness. It is a new and skilful treatment of "The Taming of the Shrew," handled so lightly and acted so gaily that the unobservant playgoer ignored the current of feeling underlying the scenes of comedy, and found the play rather hard and glittering, and suggested that the home after the reunion would be as bad as ever. You cannot expect us, with our curious strain of sentimentalism, to accept a comedy which apparently had such a conclusion, and the clever writer must take the trouble to make his play clearer and to indicate the exact meaning of his scenes, and then his lively wit and valuable power of individualising his characters might meet with due reward. Once more a Company of young players of no great reputation has given an admirable representation of a play. Mr. Nye Chart acted quite brilliantly as Dick, and Miss Nancy Price, though she should have shown more clearly the note of sentiment, played very cleverly in the part of Constantia. Mr. A. E. George gave a very sound performance as the other Mr. Wetherby, and Miss Ellen O'Malley, as his wife, acted skilfully, and Mr. Dennis Eadie was amusing in a rather farcical character.

"The Clandestine Marriage," no doubt, will appeal to many playgoers by reason of its strong, obvious theatricality. There is no dangerous subtlety about the farcical treatment of the sentimental scheme chosen by Garrick and Colman, who were assisted, involuntarily, by the author of "False Concord." I cannot pretend to be in sympathy with it, or to appreciate the revival of a play in no

respect better, and in some worse, than many modern comedies. Still, people who wish to see how far art can go in cheating nature should visit the Haymarket, for Lord Ogleby is the most remarkable of Mr. Cyril Maude's studies of old men, and I regret the fact that an ugly, amorous, vain old man is not much more agreeable to me upon the stage than in real life. The performance is wonderfully clever and far the best thing in the revival, but I wish the cleverness were used otherwise. The next best was, I think, the lively, shrewish Miss Sterling of Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who quite caught the spirit of the play. Mrs. Calvert, Mr. Lionel Rignold, and Mr. Eric Lewis, whilst acting skilfully, seemed rather afraid to let themselves go. There are no fine shades in the work—it is all "twopence coloured," and they did not lay on enough colour for the money. Miss Jessie Bateman, who looked lovely, was probably as good a Fanny as could be wished, and Mr. Hallard gave an agreeable, manly air to the unmanlike Lovewell.

"The Man and his Picture," at the Great Queen Street Theatre, does less than full justice to Sudermann's gloomy play, "Sodoms Ende," which would require production under the most favourable circumstances to please the British public, although "Magda" has secured for the author a hearty welcome. No doubt, Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer and her Company are able to give some idea of the force of the tale of degradation of "Willy," the artist hero, but the actual production was a play of insufficient strength and subtlety to excuse its ugliness. Without accepting the French paradox that the ugly is the beautiful, I certainly agree with those who think that in our theatres, as in our pictures, too much, as a rule, is sacrificed for prettiness, but even then consider that mere ugliness is not good in itself. Now, the story of the artist of humble origin, who creates a great position for himself but becomes a mere sensualist and ultimately an abominable scoundrel, is painful yet interesting; nevertheless, as actually presented, though its force was sometimes apparent, on the whole it was rather tedious, and at times almost absurd. This was partly due to the fact that, with a few exceptions, the players were not correctly chosen for their work. Certainly Miss Gertrude Burnett acted admirably as Clara, principal person in a cruel episode; Mr. O. B. Clarence played skilfully an old-man part; Mr. Norman McKinnel's work, if too violent, was of some merit; and Mr. Farmer Skein, the "Willy," showed power intermittently.

"Old Heidelberg," without doubt, is all very well in its way, but the production does not increase the glory of the Alexander record, concerning which I was writing in this column lately, yet very likely it will add to his exchequer. A great deal of noise and bustle, a suggestion of foreign gaiety, a sentimental, strained love-story, an appeal to our interest in Royalty, and a clever attempt at a picture of German University life—though I think we were entitled to a student duel—are sufficient, when some superfluous talk has been removed, to enlist the public in favour of Mr. Bleichmann's clever adaptation of "Alt-Heidelberg." The piece really belongs to the fairy-tale land so brilliantly explored by Mr. Anthony Hope, and I have a feeling that critics are not welcome in Fairyland. There is in the piece quite an entertaining attempt to prove that Kings, after all, have a gloomy lot, though, in fact, it is merely demonstrated that Karl Heinrich was a weak-minded sentimentalist; and it is also shown that Royalty is remarkably virtuous, for I fear that, if Karl had been simply an aristocrat, cynics would have doubted the innocence of his relations with the amazingly accessible Käthie. However, the result is a pretty idyll which, unlike the ordinary neuralgia cure, has no harm in it, and the German students are comic both to those who have visited the city of the big Tun and those who have never seen the scarred warriors, who are as unlike our 'Varsity men as the performance at the St. James's is unlike that given by the German Company.

Certainly the St. James's is able to give a very good account of the English version of Herr Meyer-Förster's play. The most successful member of the cast was Mr. Beveridge, as Dr. Jüttner, a warm-hearted old gentleman with strange ideas concerning duty. Certainly he gave a charming performance, but it must be remembered that he had a "fat" part. Miss Eva Moore delighted the house as Käthie, and three old members of the Benson Company, Messrs. Swete, Brydone, and Hignett, played excellently. Mr. Alexander had the most difficult task, and, if his work was uneven, he undoubtedly achieved a triumph on the whole, and his Karl may be reckoned as one of the best even of his performances.



MISS AGNES FRASER AS KENNA IN "A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON,"

AT THE SAVOY.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

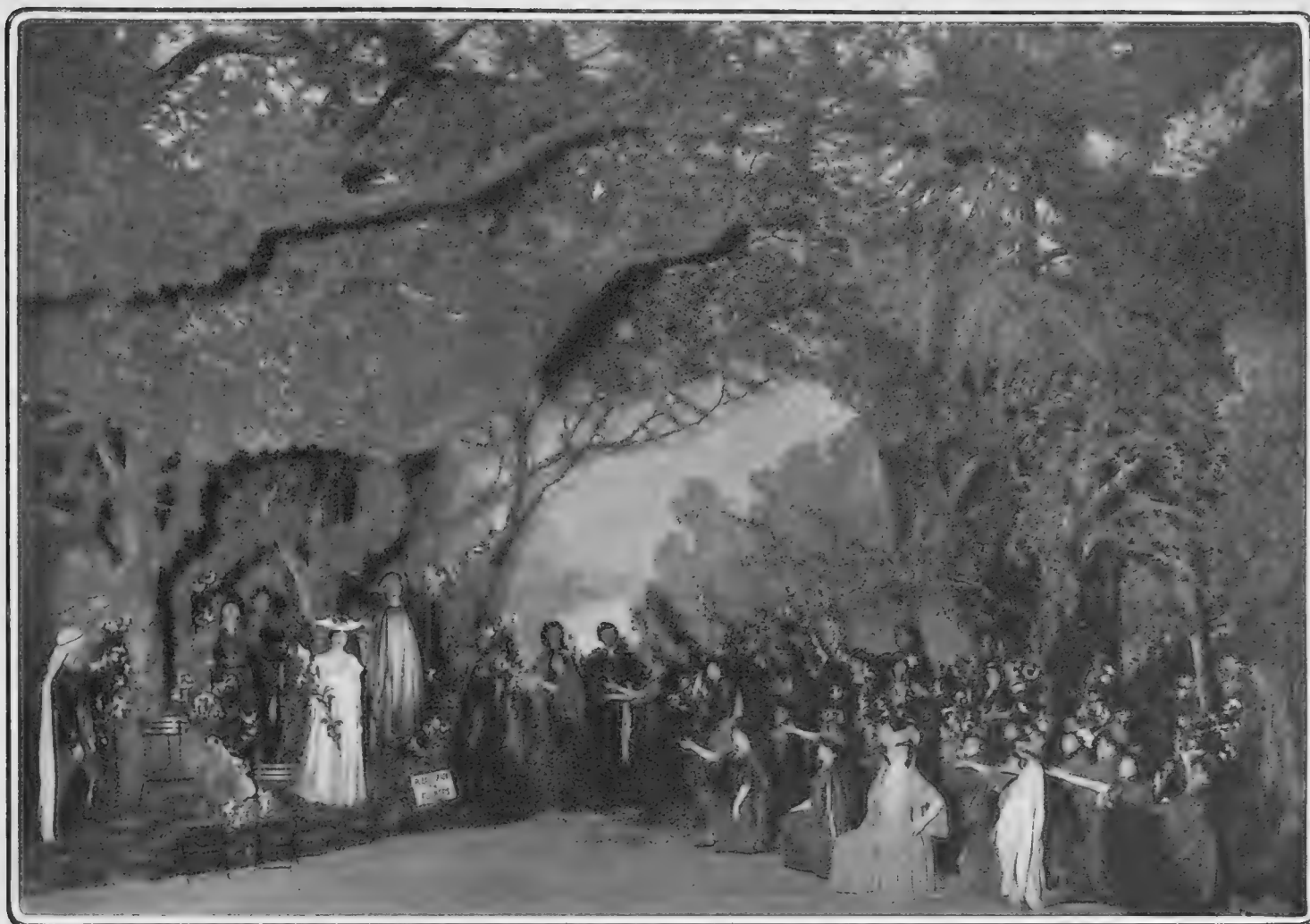




"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds  
Ravage the world, tranquility is here!"

—COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE, 1807.

THE TWO SCENES IN "A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON," AT THE SAVOY.



ACT I — KENSINGTON GARDENS NEAR "THE BASIN."



ACT II.—WINKLEMOUTH-ON-SEA.

*Photographs by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.*



## MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.:

A GREAT PAINTER WHO HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS "A DRAMATIST IN COLOUR."

THERE is probably no painter among the Forty who make up the elect of the Royal Academy who is held in greater esteem by the art-loving public of the world than is Mr. Marcus Stone, who, with his fine figure, clear-cut features, and striking appearance, is one of the handsomest men in the art-world to-day. The reason for this esteem is not far to seek, for, while his technique delights those who have made a study of painting, the story which he never fails to tell exercises its potent spell over the imagination of the less skilled but not less appreciative person. So true is this that the reproductions of Mr. Stone's pictures are sought for all over the world, so that it may be truly said, in the lines which Tennyson wrote just forty years ago, when the Queen came as a bride from over the sea—

Saxon or Dane or Norman we,  
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,

we all welcome a new example of the painter to add to the store we already possess.

So strongly marked is Mr. Stone's characteristic of telling a story that one of his chief biographers once described him as "a dramatist in colour." The story which he has to suggest in colour comes to him in much the same way as other story-tellers get their stories, from—who shall say where? Then he "chews" on it—to use his own expression—until he has evolved that particular scene which will tell the part of the story that has gone before and will suggest that which is to come after. At last, on a sheet of note-paper a rough sketch is made, with ovals for faces, so that the attitude of the characters in their relation to each other may tell the tale without the adjunct of facial expression. After this rough sketch, Mr. Stone decides what size the picture shall be, and then makes a very accurate sketch of it. This sketch he works up to a certain point, and then begins the picture, keeping at work on the sketch all the time, so that, if any new idea strikes him, he may try it on the sketch rather than on the large canvas itself; and in this way save himself a good deal of painting out and painting in. These studies are, naturally, highly prized works and have a proportionate value, while the earlier sketches serve to adorn the delightful morning-room of his beautiful house in the Melbury Road, which was built for him by Mr. Norman Shaw after plans made by Mr. Stone himself. The studio is one of the largest in London, and has the distinction of having been the first to be designed for the painting of outdoor effects, one side of it—that away from the street and overlooking the gardens—being filled in with glass. Indeed, in the summer there is such a wealth of green at the back that it is not difficult to imagine one is in the country instead of in the heart of Kensington. On the walls of the studio are some wonderful old tapestries, while the chairs came from Medmenham Abbey, and the mirror which Mr. Stone keeps behind him when he is painting, in order to judge the accuracy of his work by its reflection, dates back to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Just outside the studio is a wardrobe, some twelve or fourteen feet long, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, in which Mr. Stone keeps the costumes for his models. They are really old dresses, dating back to the time of our grandmothers, for everyone knows that now the artist always paints his characters in the dresses of the beginning of the last century. His reason for this is that, while he believes that the artist, no matter in what medium he works, should represent his own time, yet he feels that, with the change, the constant change, of fashion, modern dresses would be out-of-date almost before the picture was finished. The result of this feeling was that, many years ago, he selected a period in which, while the thoughts and sympathies of people were sufficiently close to our own to be understood by the general public,

yet the dress would be constant and, at the same time, picturesque. Before that, he used to paint historical pictures, which, in spite of the antiquity of their dress, were often exceedingly up-to-date in their feeling and sentiment. An example of this occurred in a picture called "The Royal Nursery," which represented Henry VIII. devoting all his attention to Edward VI. and ignoring the Princess Elizabeth, who was in the room at the time. Mr. Stone had been reading "Dombey and Son," and had been greatly impressed with the idea of Mr. Dombey's pride in the birth of his son, while he took little interest in his daughter. Mr. Stone intended to paint a picture on this subject, but he knew that, if he did it, it would have little chance of popularity. One day, however, he came across the historical incident, and, recognising that Henry VIII. is one of the few historical personages with whose face and figure everyone is familiar, he determined to use him for the picture he had in mind. Thus, though the public saw in the picture only the much-married monarch and his son and daughter, Mr. Stone had achieved his object in painting Paul Dombey and his son.

That Dickens should have inspired Mr. Stone's art is not wonderful, for no one can forget that he was one of the illustrators of some

of Dickens's works, a result due, if not directly, certainly indirectly to the great novelist, who, Mr. Stone says, influenced his life very largely. Dickens was a great friend of Mr. Stone's father, and, when the latter died, Dickens gave the son letters to three publishers, one of whom, after a long time, offered him the opportunity of drawing the frontispiece for the first cheap edition of "Little Dorrit." After that came an offer to illustrate "Our Mutual Friend," followed by work on several other of the novelist's books, including the Library Edition of "The Child's History of England," which was the first copy of a book ever presented by an author to the painter. That book, indeed, was an interesting memento in the life of Mr. Stone as a Dickens illustrator. When "Bleak House"



MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.

*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*

was coming out, he was a boy of ten, and was so impressed with the scene in which Jo sweeps the step of the gate of the graveyard in which the man who had been so good to him was buried that he at once got a sheet of paper and a pencil, and sat down to draw it. As he worked, Dickens himself called at the house, and, picking up the sketch, said, "That's very good; Marcus; you'll have to give it to me." He took it away with him, and in return sent the lad a letter and a copy of the book.

Like all artists, Mr. Stone delights in beautiful objects of any kind, and he is especially fond of old brass, as he delights in old books, and he has a splendid collection of first editions. Of living creatures the cat is undoubtedly his favourite, and among his treasures are a couple of sculptured representations of it found in Egypt, one of which, in bronze, is fully three thousand years old. Mr. Stone's partiality for cats was happily demonstrated in the picture the painting of which he regards as the most complimentary commission he ever had in his life. This was the panel he painted for Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's famous Hall of Panels, in which, by the way, it has the distinction of being the largest. When Sir Lawrence asked his colleague to paint the picture, Mr. Stone determined to make it represent the things he himself loved best, so he painted some pretty women with some cats by them, in a beautiful garden on a bright day. Small though it is—for it is only about eight inches wide—no picture, it is safe to say, has ever given the artist more trouble; but, on the other hand, it may be questioned whether any picture gave a recipient more pleasure, for it represents Mr. Stone at his best—and what Mr. Stone is at his best the world has known for a very long time.



"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXXVII.—MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.



"I ALWAYS MAKE A ROUGH SKETCH OF MY MODEL FIRST."



"YOU WILL OBSERVE THAT I JUDGE THE EFFECT OF MY WORK WITH THE AID OF A MIRROR."



"HERE IS A PAINTING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW: 'ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.'"



"I AM A GREAT COLLECTOR OF CATS. THIS IS A BRONZE ONE 3000 YEARS OLD."



"THESE ARE THE FIRST ROUGH SKETCHES OF SOME OF MY PICTURES."



"NOW I'M AFRAID I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT. YES, I THOUGHT SO."

# THE BOND STREET MAGICIAN.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Illustrated by JOHN HASSALL.



If you look in my eyes you will promptly detect  
 Their hypnotic effect,  
 For I am a person whom people consult  
 On matters occult :  
 I am highly accomplished in things esoteric,  
 In words cabalistic, in passes mesmeric,  
 In thought-reading (which but a commonplace dodge I call),  
 Subtle psychometry, arts astrological—  
 Learned in these, to your aid I entice  
 Spirits and stars, at a moderate price.

*I gaze at you,  
 And you feel—you do—  
 Under my observation,  
 A creepy, sleepy,  
 Sleepy, creepy,  
 Singular, weird sensation.*

Your mind to obey me I firmly compel  
 By my mystical spell;  
 You see and you hear, in a trance and at rest,  
 Whate'er I suggest :  
 To the fields that are commonly known as Elysian  
 I waft you away in a sort of a vision;  
 I summon my phantoms, and, conjuring mystically,  
 Make them materialise, spiritualistically.  
 Marvels like these by my skill you may see  
 At a really remarkably moderate fee.

Of palmistry's secrets I'm open to chat—  
 I'm handy at that;  
 And a past or a future eventful or calm  
 I'll read in your palm ;  
 Foresee in the crystal, or else by clairvoyance,  
 Events that shall cause you delight or annoyance;  
 Review what the Fates in the past may have done to you,  
 Scan what in future they mean to do unto you:  
 All this and more (as my hand-bill affirms)  
 I daily perform, upon moderate terms.

*You feel, when my  
 Hypnotic eye  
 Seizes your observation,  
 A swoony, moony,  
 Moony, loony,  
 Quivery, queer sensation.*



## TWO ACTOR-ARTISTS.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON PAINTING A PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE, MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.

THOUGH Mr. Forbes-Robertson ranks among the elect of serious actors, he belongs also to what might be called the Artistic Brotherhood of the stage. It is a matter of common knowledge that he started life with the intention of becoming a painter, and even when he went on the stage he still continued the use of his brushes. The most successful of his pictures was undoubtedly that of the wedding scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," which was painted as a commission for Sir Henry Irving. It contained portraits of all the leading characters, each member of the Company in turn going to Mr. Robertson's studio in order to sit to him for the purpose. It also contained a portrait of Mr. Robertson himself, for he played Claudio on that occasion. Most of his other work, however, consisted of portraits, the most notable of which are pictures of Madame Modjeska and Miss Ellen Terry, which now hang on the walls of his studio; the late Samuel Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey, which is at the Garrick Club; and Miss Mary Anderson (Madame Antonio de Navarro), which is at Stratford-on-Avon. Now the easel in his studio stands empty, for the business side of the theatre takes up his hours.

MR. G. P. HUNTLEY, the popular comedian, undoubtedly owes his artistic bias to hereditary influences on his mother's side, for her brothers were both well known in their respective spheres of art—one, George Shalders, who was a pupil of Vicat Cole, being among the best sheep-painters, while the other, William Shalders, was a celebrated scene-painter. Mr. Huntley's favourite subjects are the Indians of North America, the gradually decaying race of red men who have always had a peculiar fascination for him. Indeed, when he was in America—and he went thither for four seasons as a member of the Company of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal—he always spent a good deal of his time on the Indian Reservations when he was in their neighbourhood, and, as the result, he has some little skill in the Sioux tongue. Recently "Buffalo Bill's" show has had a great deal of attraction for him, on account of the Red Indians who are in it. Among his chief pictures are four head-and-shoulder portraits of Indian chiefs, as well as many Reservation scenes. Mr. Huntley's interest in the Indian is further demonstrated by the fact that he has named his house "Kuwowa," the Sioux for "Welcome."



MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AND TWO OF HIS NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

*Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S new novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," has naturally attracted attention to the L'Espinasse Letters, and I am glad to hear that Mr. Heinemann has in preparation a cheap edition of that classical work. Julia L'Espinasse was the attractive and intriguing companion of the blind Madame du Deffand, and supplanted her in the hearts of her lifelong friends. She was nameless, homeless, and poor. She had long been accustomed to act on the defensive against the world, and did not consider that what she received from Madame du Deffand was any fair price for her presence and conversation. So she fought for her own hand and vanquished her antagonists. Though she was not young and was never beautiful, she had a unique charm, and a high-minded Spanish gentleman gave her his heart. When he died suddenly, consolation was tendered by a host of friends, but in reality she suffered far more from the unfaithfulness of a weak young man whom she continued to love long

There is to be a new Encyclopædia of Journalism, the first work of the kind in English. The names of the Editors, when published, will be sufficient guarantee of its value and its success. The first part of the work will be an elaborate history of journalism in all countries. Special space will be given to the journalism of this country and America, but Continental journalism will be competently dealt with. The second part of the book will contain up-to-date information on everything connected with newspapers—their mechanical production, the collection and statement of news, and the preparation of articles. Journalism has attained such a point of development that such a book is necessary, and, once the foundation is thoroughly laid, it will, no doubt, be issued in new editions from time to time.

The Life of Bret Harte, by Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited), is a handsome book with some excellent illustrations.



CABBY: 'Ere, wot are you a-doin' of? You'll 'ave 'er running away!

FOREIGN FARE: That is what I assist to prevent, mon ami! 'Ow is it possible when I attach myself to 'er tail?

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

after he had married an heiress. This lady published the Letters as she found them after his death among her husband's papers. Julia had many lovers and was well known, so that the Letters were received with an eagerness which their contents amply justified. But they left an unresolved enigma, and Sainte-Beuve, with all his delicate perception and skilful analysis, has not solved the mystery of that intricate character. Mrs. Humphry Ward makes no secret of the source of her book. The contrast between the fictitious and actual names are sufficient for the dullest reader. I see it stated that in one of the early chapters, as it appeared in *Harper's*, there was a hint that death might overtake the worthy lover, and that Julie might have the same destiny as her prototype. She has relented, however, and brought Jacob Delafield and Julie together. It is not easy to forecast their married life, but, plainly, Julie thoroughly appreciates the position of a Duchess, and it is not Mrs. Humphry Ward's fault if we are not thoroughly convinced that she has brains.

The Boston *Literary World* is now under the editorship of Mr. Bliss Carman, the poet. The form of the paper has not been altered, but the contents have been brightened, and correspondence is given from London and the leading cities of America.

Many of us remember Bret Harte in his later days. He was a very handsome man, in general company quiet and gentle, with a peculiar touch of sadness which it was not difficult to account for. He had his trials, but he found some very warm and faithful friends who stood by him to the end. He remained to the last of his career a most acceptable writer in magazines, but his later books had a very small circulation, and he took this to heart. They were wrought with ability and care, but the freshness of the morning was gone. In Mr. Pemberton's biography, the earlier part is much more interesting and vivid than the latter. Of course, there are reasons for this. Life is generally more vivid in youth than in age. The story of Harte's struggles and victories is not exactly new, but it is told authoritatively. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was the foundation-stone of his fame. He was introduced to English readers by Tom Hood, and came to London just after the death of Charles Dickens, who had written him one of his hearty, breezy, generous letters of encouragement. From that day Bret Harte found his true home in London, and wherever he went, he was never long away from it. Bret Harte's is a name that will not be forgotten. As Mr. William Winter says: "Within his peculiar field he was as distinctive as Edgar Poe, and within that field he had no rival."

O. O.



## FIVE NEW BOOKS.

**"A STRETCH OFF THE LAND."**By G. STEWART BOWLES.  
(Methuen, 6s.)

This collection of sea-stories, by a former Sub-Lieutenant in the Navy, deals chiefly with the Midshipmen. Some of the sketches are gay, some are sad, some slightly satirical, and others rather too technical, but in every one can be felt the fascination of the life and the immeasurable pride with which these youngsters fulfil their duties. At one moment, the Middy is a mere child at school on board ship, "working out sights"; the next, he has become a searching officer "with the whole armed might of Europe behind him"; at twenty, it may be that he is the Captain of a torpedo-boat or a picket-boat. There is no lack of responsibility for the boy officer, and mistakes are not often forgiven. Of the stories, one remembers best "An Interlude," excellent but very pathetic; "A Captain's Command," which demonstrates the arduousness of commanding a picket-boat; and "On Hospital Cay," which for humour and lightness of touch is quite the most delightful in the volume. Two Midshipmen break their leave when their ship is under sailing orders, and give a dance in an old, disused hospital on the island near which the ship is anchored. Most unexpectedly, however, they are called upon to entertain the Commander himself, and, upon his asking for the hosts, Brice, five-feet-five in his boots, and Dewboy-Ferrers, scarce a half-inch taller—

walked in and crossed the ball-room together, the whole of America behind them. Side by side, their hair beautifully brushed, their tiny white waistcoats in line, they strode on. Reaching the centre of the room just in front of the Commander, they halted, and came together to a very grave salute. It is said by those who were there, that at this moment, they looked like two small children brought down into a dining-room for dessert. "We're very glad to see you, sir" (says Brice). "We're giving this dance in, and we hope very much that you'll manage to have a good time." Then the two arms fell again, and they stood up straightly together to receive sentence.

And we are told "the Commander's face was as the face of those who suddenly see great marvels," and, walking into the verandah, "he looked upwards and outwards at the silent stars, saying in a loud voice, 'Well, I'm damned!'" It will not do to tell the upshot of this dramatic episode, but the extract is sufficient to show the brightness of style which characterises these stories. They are too good to be "run upon the ledges of some second-hand book-shop to break up quietly and be no more seen," which the author modestly suggests may be their fate.

**"THE TRIUMPH OF COUNT OSTERMANN."**By GRAHAM HOPE.  
(Smith, Elder, 6s.)

As the central character of his new book Mr. Graham Hope has chosen the figure of Count Ostermann, Chancellor at the Court of Peter the Great, who, although of German birth, was very devoted to the interests of his Russian master. Indeed, he would seem to have been one of the few men at Court who earnestly sympathised with the ideals of the Czar and who saw beneath the coarseness and brutality of the man the sincere spirit of the reformer. True to the traditions of historical romance, the author furnishes the necessary love-interest by giving great prominence to Marfa, a girl of high birth whom Count Ostermann married from a chivalrous impulse of protection, seeing her so defenceless in such perilous surroundings. Whether her scorn of her husband—whose low origin, as she termed it, she could not forget—is founded on fact is not certain, but in the book, at least, she treats him as she would a serf. During three changes of Government, Ostermann retained his power, but when Anne was supplanted by the Grand Duchess Elizabeth the Chancellor fell from favour. His "triumph" lies in winning the love of his wife, so long withheld, and she insists on accompanying him in his banishment. The author takes leave of his characters before their departure for Siberia, but history has it that they spent their time there in teaching the children of the Governor and those of other nobles. Although the book is eminently readable, no particular grace attaches to the style, and the narrative travels a little slowly and at times dully.

**"RANSON'S FOLLY."**By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.  
(Heinemann, 6s.)

The book of short stories so often proves a snare and a delusion, a mere *réchauffé* of viands long cold, unappetising, and forgotten, that the volume now issued by Mr. Richard Harding Davis is, by contrast, additionally welcome. Two of the four stories contained in it would alone justify the production, and, had their author not already shown himself superior to that enterprising and prolific but somewhat prosaic being, the average fiction-writer, they would undoubtedly have accomplished that desirable end. "Ranson's Folly," which, according to the prevalent fashion, lends its title to the whole, verges upon improbability, if not upon impossibility;

but, while it possesses all the fascination of the improbable, it is marred by none of its drawbacks. The complication which forms the basis of its plot is worthy of the wildest melodrama or the broadest farce, and, were it presented through the medium of the stage, it would certainly be politely laughed at and its originator accused of subjecting the long arm of coincidence to unwarrantable torture on the rack. As it is, however, Mr. Harding Davis compels the attention by sheer skill of craftsmanship, and retains it until the end, when, moreover, he contrives a distinct surprise, as pleasing to the reader as it is to the chief characters concerned. "A Derelict" is even better, both in conception and construction. It is a fine human study, as true as it is engrossing. The pathetic figure of Charlie Channing, ne'er-do-well and genius, who takes a glorious revenge on the man who, in his self-conceit and blindness to the pride of the brilliant failure, has offered him the position of stoker on board the Press-boat, by doing his work while he is in a drunken fit and allowing him the entire credit, lives in the imagination, and will not readily be forgotten. In this story in particular, Mr. Harding Davis handles his material with consummate skill; nothing could be better than his description of Channing's mental and bodily collapse after his effort to save the reputation of the man who has injured him. The remaining stories—"The Bar Sinister" and "La Lettre d'Amour"—good in their several ways as they are, suffer by comparison with those already mentioned. To be enjoyed, they should be read first, before their companions have set the standard. Altogether, it may be said that "Ranson's Folly" will not only sustain but materially strengthen Mr. Harding Davis's reputation.

**"THE STUMBLING-BLOCK."**By EDWIN PUGH.  
(Heinemann, 6s.)

The multiplication by different hands of books portraying such objectionable young people as those who play out the sordid tragedy of "The Stumbling-Block" almost forces us to believe that such a class exists. One masterly writer has taken as his province the sorrows of the discontented half-educated, and with him we are content; but as for the smaller fry of this school, it is time legislation ordained a euthanasia either for them or their subjects. The would-be artistic, flat-living "bachelor" girl (oh, endeared epithet!), with overstrung nerves and no object in life save a vague pursuit of pleasure in places of public entertainment, is probably material for great fiction, but not in the hands of Mr. Edwin Pugh. Still less does he succeed with the fearful and wonderful young men of the "set," whose aspect and conversation are a continual offence. As for the story of Cambria Ormathwaite, born to poverty, gifted with a competence by mere luck, capable of a consuming passion, consumed in its turn by jealousy until the girl becomes a murderess, virtually if not actually—it can only be dismissed with regret that such morbid sentimentality should be considered worthy of print. The age has evolved strange products, and Mr. Pugh's characters are of the most eccentric, while their presentation seems to lead to stranger eccentricity still. Once only does the book strike a human and natural note, when a rustic youth contrasts the dental surgery of a farrier and a qualified licentiate. In the comic sock Mr. Pugh succeeds, but the tragic buskin fits him ill. Incidentally, the reader is puzzled to discover a reason for the title.

**"THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE M. YONGE."**By MISS C. COLERIDGE.  
(Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.)

There is little information in "The Life of Charlotte M. Yonge," which Miss Christabel Coleridge has written and Messrs. Macmillan have published. Miss Yonge led a very quiet life and had few links of connection with the literary world, but not many novelists of her period had more real influence, and the influence lasted far beyond the common term. She worked for her villagers all her life, but she confessed that she was never able to converse with them with any freedom. She could not talk to girls. Miss Coleridge never saw her stop on the road and speak to a neighbour. Though she delighted in teaching the Otterbourne school-children, she lost them when they left school. As far as her letters show, she had little interest in literature, and she names few books. Of Mrs. Oliphant, she says with some perception that her "Lookers On" in *Blackwood* contained "some of her best writing and gave scope for her peculiar tone and high principle. 'The Beleaguered City' seems to me the best of all her work, yet there she seems, as I have heard it observed of her other works, to sit outside and look at enthusiasm (often on the seamy side) and not share in it." It is evident that Miss Yonge was not blind to the touch of the vixen that marred Mrs. Oliphant's writing.



"Great Scott! why *don't* they put me on the Black List!"

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



VII.—IN REGENT STREET.

## CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



XII.—ARIEL.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## HIS FATHER'S SON.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.



Mrs. Hayes was undeniably a widow, but she was very far from the state known as "lone and lorn," for her husband, of

whom she had plainly stood in considerable awe, before dying had considerably bequeathed to her "his living image"—in a slightly more manageable form. Like most women, Mrs. Hayes was prone to concentration, especially in matters of the heart, and two so exactly of a kind might well have proved an *embarras de richesses*. But, left with only one, and that a small one, she re-established herself in her native village and contentedly applied herself to the wash-tub and the ironing-board for the maintenance of herself and the little Johnnie until he should be of an age to realise her great expectations of him and prove himself the man his father was.

"Just about a clever scholar, too," explained Mrs. Hayes to anyone who cared to listen.

None of her friends and relations had seen this wonderful man of hers in the flesh; she had met him in London while in service there, and had only returned to the country at his death. But they were not allowed to forget him, and the tale of his numerous attainments was told and told again. He had left only a very few pounds' worth of furniture behind him, but, according to his wife, he had been "most too clever" for money-making—one of those men so top-heavy with brains that they cannot conveniently stoop to pick up a mere weekly wage. And, then, he had died quite young, before he had been given his "chance." A common labourer, a farm-hand, keeps himself from the time he is released from school, but it is notorious that men of talent take longer to start themselves in independence; sometimes the twenties see them still only thinking of doing it, the thirties surprise them with the task unaccomplished. Everyone knows that brains take longer to develop than industry—or, at any rate, all Mrs. Hayes' intimates knew it, having had the theory set forth to them in homely language many times. "And he never had his chance, you understand me," she would end; "was just snapped off like a bud as the frost catches."

But Johnnie, lucky boy, joined his mother's robust constitution to his father's intellect, so she averred, and the constitution, at any rate, seemed quite in evidence. And, if they wanted to see what his father *looked like*, let them look at Johnnie, said his mother, "his living picture!"

Judged thus by Johnnie, his father seems to have had a sturdy, stumpy figure, a round, blunt-featured face, powerful white teeth, a shock of stubbly, sun-bleached hair, and prominent light-blue eyes that were wont to stare unblinkingly during a conversation at whatever object first met their gaze—all this added to a curious reluctance to say a word more than the absolutely necessary. A common enough type in that neighbourhood, yet not even that neighbourhood's preconceived idea of a son of genius.

But, if any smiled, they were a kindly folk and took care to do it only behind the mother's back.

During Johnnie's passage from a heavy baby into a healthy, hearty boy, Mrs. Hayes was spared half the pangs of motherhood. She gave away the last of his petticoats without a sigh; with her own hands, to an accompaniment of smiles instead of tears, she cut close the mop of hair which had always refused to respond to her efforts to entice it into

curls. She was in such a hurry for him to attain man's estate, and to show forth to a wondering world the heritage his father had left him, that she hurried him with all her might through his early years. Johnnie never grew out of his clothes like other boys. He was forced to turn them up, the trousers half-way to his knees, and the sleeves to his elbows, before he could move in them, and they were always beyond patching before his limbs overtook them. When he was five years old, she publicly announced her intention of calling him "John," as a weightier and more fitting name. But he was so unmistakably "Johnnie" that no one could remember to follow her example, and half her time she only managed it herself to end a sentence started too nimbly with a "Johnnie" that had "slipped out."

As soon as he could toddle, Johnnie went to school, and continued to go daily until the extreme limit of age when schooling is compulsory on the youth of England. Once laboriously established in a "standard," he showed a marked disinclination to leave it, and the utmost prodding never advanced him beyond the borderland of the "fourth." But his mother blamed the school and her want of means to send him to a better one, not Johnnie. Of course, what any yokel learnt would not be the learning to tempt her husband's son. Johnnie received subtle flattery from her instead of blows for his slow progress. He met it, as he met most things, with the impenetrable stare of his light-blue eyes. His opinion of himself would have interested a good many people by this time, but his silence remained unbroken on that point as on so many others.

There followed the usual little difficulty in fitting the village genius with a means of earning a livelihood. Mrs. Hayes refused to contemplate anything whereby "honest sweat" might be caused to flow from her son's low, hair-thatched brow. Most of the men about her worked out of doors, or at some humble trade, and nothing of that kind, she had decided years ago, would do for Johnnie. With great difficulty and some delay, she obtained him employment at the village grocer's—just while he looked about him. He was to "keep the books" as his chief occupation, and she made a great deal conversationally of the glory of those books. Johnnie made very little of them except to blot them freely. He seemed all the while he sat over them to be struggling hard to do something requiring a great expenditure of noisy breath, but the result failed to satisfy the grocer.

He took his dismissal stolidly, if with a lingering shortness of breath.

"Don't want to stay, sir," he blurted out at last; "but could you say—could you say as—?"

"I'll say I think you're a deal too clever for this job, my boy," said the kindly grocer, "if that'll suit you?" And he winked jovially.

"Thank ye, sir," said Johnnie, simply, and very slowly and solemnly returned the wink with one prominent blue eye. And that was the only clue to the hidden depths of his character the village ever received from clever Johnnie.

For his mother did not try again to find him a situation; he quietly put himself beyond that possibility. She came down one morning to find him gone, with his little bundle of clothes, and apparently half a loaf and a couple of turnips.

"DERE MA" (he had written—he never called her anything but "Mother," but "Ma" proved easier in the spelling),—"i ham goin to foind som work has i can do. Dere Ma i wull send you som cash reglar when i gets it dere Ma.—Your lovin son, J. HAYES."

She never showed this letter to anyone, but she industriously spun about the prosaic flight of Johnnie a veil of romance all her own. And it so took up her time and thoughts that she grew accustomed to being alone before she began to mind it.

Meanwhile, with considerable directness, Johnnie made his way on foot to a large racing-stable in an adjoining county that he had once been told about. He was lucky in this, that the owner of the stable was actually present when he reached it, and lucky also in being given the opportunity of making his application for employment to the Great Man himself. Johnnie's breath again gave him trouble, but what he said was to the point—

"I haven't had much to do with 'em, but I do seem to know something about 'em, and I'm so mortal fond o' horses that nothing would be too much trouble to learn; and, if you'd try me, I'd work my hardest——" Then his breath gave out, and he stood, panting and expectant, the stare of his blue eyes for once fixed appropriately on the Great Man's face.

And he was given the work he longed for. The Great Man was "mortal fond" of horses, too; there may have been times when he even envied his men their method of earning their daily bread about his stables. At any rate, he realised that Johnny was going to live an ideal life—a life spent in doing the thing of all others he would rather do.

Johnnie's choice of occupation, indeed, was such a wise one that he did not long retain the humble position in which he started. His fondness for horses taught him more about them than experience taught many of the others; he could always lead them by it, just as a woman who loves children can always make them love her, or a man who loves men can always manage them. And from the first, when his wages amounted to only a very few shillings weekly and he was obliged to go often very hungry to do it (for Johnnie was still growing and his appetite with him), he regularly sent a monthly postal-order to his widowed mother, and as time went on he never failed to make it larger to match every rise. He did not often write, and, if he did, he never gave her his address, or any news beyond the state of his health: a thing that, having started propitiously, did not vary. Nor did he ever visit her, although it would have been an easy enough journey to take, a likely thing to do. But, in refraining, Johnnie probably had his reasons; he covered them ever with a wide reticence, but it was known by now that he generally had them—for other people to talk about if they cared to.

And then at last Johnnie gained promotion and a rise so substantial that it seemed to change his views. For more than a year he had been "walking out" with a young woman—only a servant, it is true, but sweet of face and true of heart, and as fond of Johnnie as he was fond of horses. He had started their walks together by making it very plain to her that marriage must be a remote possibility, because the postal-orders taxed his resources and were not on any account to be stopped.

"So it mayn't be worth your while to be waiting," he had said. "Likely, it would be a stiffish time."

"Then you don't really love me?" sighed the maid.

"I loves you right enough," said Johnnie. "I wasn't speaking ill of my love."

"If you love me, how can you doubt me being willing to wait a bit for you? You're willing, aren't you?" She spoke with tears.

"Mighty willing," said Johnnie. He drew her head upon his shoulder, and he patted it, resting there, as he might have patted the head of a favourite horse. Shortness of breath, as of old at an emergency, overtook him, but he managed to repeat, "Steady, m' beauty, steady," a great many times.

And now his generous wages actually admitted of the double burden—the postal-orders to the mother at a distance and the pretty wife at home. But, before making this change in his life, Johnnie, almost for the first time, took a step on the impulse of a moment—felt a longing to see his mother's face once again, and acted on it.

He found her on her death-bed, plainly within a few hours of her death. Johnnie had his own luck—he might so easily have been too late. For she had not been so particularly young at the time of his birth, and she was quite an old woman now. Consistent always, she asked her son no questions concerning his long absence; she did the talking to the last.

"A gentleman in a bank would have to know a deal," was one of the things she said, and Johnnie understood that he had spent the years perched on an office-stool as a banker's clerk. "You'd wear a top-hat and a black coat to business every day, of course." She touched his rough-tweed covered arm. "But you were right not to come anyways dressed-up, as these folk might think—they're an envious lot, and wonderful ignorant with it." She gave him, with increasing difficulty, the many details of his life one by one; it took her all her time, and, almost at the last, she remembered something of great importance to them both.

"I told 'em always, Johnnie, when the orders came, but I never changed 'em here—I waited till I could get into the town or something turned up; often I had to wait a bit, but I always managed it, and I never told a living soul how small they were, my dear. I knew how many expenses you'd be having, dining out with the gentry and all; your old mother understood, but others might have thought different, and I never told a soul. Oh, they've kept me well since I've been past working, and I'm not complaining, only I thought I'd just tell you as I understood why they was so small."

"That's right, mother," said Johnnie; "you was always a good 'un at excuses."

"I loved you, you see, Johnnie, and your father before you," explained the dying woman.

"That's right, mother," said Johnnie, staring hard at the foot of the bed out of unblinking, prominent eyes, but gently stroking her worn hand; "you was always a good 'un at loving."

When her weak voice was silent for ever, Johnnie knelt at prayer beside her. He prayed out loud, with many catches in his breath. What he said is, perhaps, worth recording.

"Good Lord," he began, in orthodox fashion, "you know as I didn't mean to act untruthful, and that I wouldn't have left her if I hadn't a-known she'd be a deal happier alone. But if you must keep turning of the women out so fond-like and so deceiving of themselves, what are we men-folk to be doing for the sake o' peace?"

## SINGING-BIRD TIME.

BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Oh, bracken and brake, awake, awake!  
Oh, blossoming world, arise!  
Forget the time of the frost and rime,  
And note the blue in the skies;  
Each tender-green bough is budding now,  
The day is no longer drear;  
The winter is past and gone at last,  
And singing-bird time is here!

Sweet baby showers are kissing the flowers;  
Each frond of the scented fern  
That nestles curled in the woodland world  
Is watching for spring's return!

On lea and lawn there's an earlier dawn,  
The lily wakes on the mere.  
Good-bye, good-bye, grey earth, grey sky—  
For singing-bird time is here!

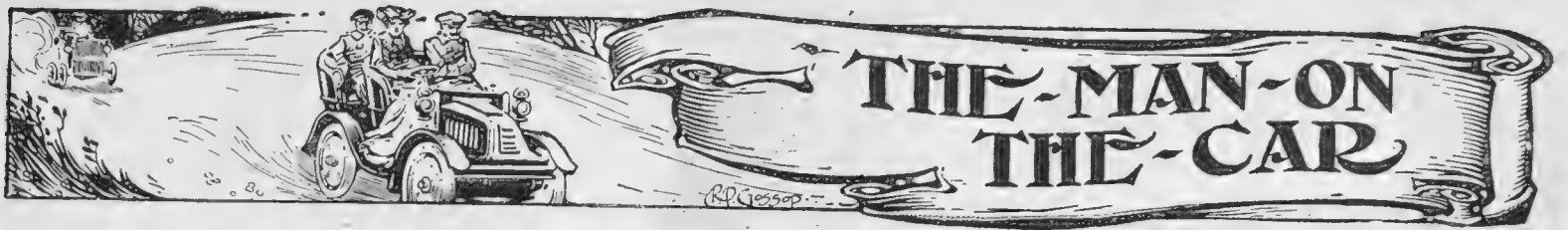
Then wake, oh heart, from thy dreamful part,  
Bid sorrow and care adieu:  
There's music and mirth for the happy earth,  
And loving for me and you!  
Though parting and pain for a while may reign,  
The joy of the year is near,  
And the blossoming spring shall gladness bring,  
Now singing-bird time is here!



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*An Automobile Timepiece and a Speed-Indicator—The Gordon Bennett Race—Lady Maud Warrender.*

IT is frequently said that "Time was made for slaves," but in these times, when duties which, half-a-century ago, would have been allotted a week for their due performance have to be crammed into the working hours of a single day, we are all more or less the slaves of time. As I have pointed out, if the motoring man and woman desire to be comfortable, they must be warmly and thickly clad, and I know of nothing more irritating than having to unwrap and unbutton two or three coats in order to note how time is flying. But ingenious folk, particularly Messrs. S. Smith and Son, the well-known watch-makers, of 9, Strand, W.C., in their registered "Strand" Motor Timepiece, provided automobile owners with an excellently designed and finished dashboard clock which renders all undesirable partial disrobing quite unnecessary. This timepiece, which is a shade smaller in the dial than a guard's watch, is securely contained in an outer, pear-shaped, hardened white or solid polished brass case, which can be affixed to the rear face of the dashboard in any convenient position. As the heads of the screws for fixing are inside the case, and the latter can be locked up, the timepiece cannot be stolen when the car is garaged. Further, the little clock can be fitted with an electric battery and lamp, the latter being set within the glass face, so that by switching on the current the dial is illuminated for telling the time after dark. The case is absolutely water-proof, and the key-hole is protected against the weather. In addition to being a great comfort to the car-owner, this timepiece makes a really handsome addition to the dashboard and aids in setting off the car.

Another most interesting and ingenious instrument which all automobilists taking pride in the speed of their carriages will like to possess is the Registered Speed-Indicator, also made by Messrs. Smith and Son. This useful and convenient instrument is a chronograph-watch, with a dial painted in such wise that a scale of miles per hour is given in five circles round the usual hour and minutes numerals. As the car flashes by one mile-stone, the winding button is pressed and the speed-recording mechanism thrown into gear with the watch. Upon passing the next, the button is again pressed, and the speed in miles per hour at which the car has travelled between the two mile-stones can at once be read from the indications of the chronograph needles. Speeds are

thus at once obtainable, whereas, by the use of an ordinary stop-watch alone, the actual time in running the mile has first to be taken, and the speed-rate subsequently worked out. Both the timepiece above referred to and the speed-recorder just described can be seen to-day at Messrs. Smith and Son's stall at the Agricultural Hall Show.

Every car-owner who can afford the time and money will assuredly do all that is in him to be present with his carriage at the decision

of the Gordon Bennett race, and to take part in what will, in automobile circles, be termed "The Irish Fortnight." This period, which may very fittingly be described as an Automobile Carnival, will date from Wednesday, July 1, with an exhibition of the Gordon Bennett competitors in Dublin, and close on the 15th of the same month with a hill-climbing trial on the Tralee Road for a cup presented by the County of Kerry. Sandwiched between these fixtures will be the great race on the 2nd, a Gymkhana in Phoenix Park, followed by a torch-lit procession of cars to the Castle at night; speed trials, also in the Phoenix, on the following day; and, after a Sabbath Day's rest, the Monday (July 6) will be occupied in a run to Newcastle and Belfast. A hill-climbing trial for the trophy presented by Mr. Henry Edmunds will be contested on the following day, and the day after the return to Dublin, the 8th, the start for Killarney will be made. The whole of Ireland will be agog to watch the march of these events, so that the term "an Automobile Carnival" is not out of place.



LADY MAUD WARRENDER.

Lady Maud Warrender is one of the most popular personages in Society. The youngest daughter of the eighth Earl of Shaftesbury, and sister of the present Earl, she married Sir George Warrender in 1894. Sir George, as a young naval officer, saw service with the Naval Brigade in the Zulu War, in 1896 was Commander of the Royal yacht, and distinguished himself in China in the late war. Lady Maud is one of the best amateur singers in Society, and is always ready to use her beautiful contralto voice for the benefit of charity and to delight her numerous friends. Indeed, it is said that to this charming gift she owes, in some degree, her favour with their Majesties, for she is a valued member of Sandringham house-parties. Like her brother, Lord Shaftesbury, she is an enthusiast in motoring matters.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Grand National—The Chester Cup—Northampton.*

IT affords me the greatest possible pleasure to tell of the well-doing of Ambush II., who, in my opinion, still has a great chance for the Grand National if he would only do his best over the Aintree course. The horse looks well and goes well at home, but his recent running in public lacked confidence. I do not think the horse has carried silk often enough during the last year or two. He is almost certain to give his best running on the Grand National course, and I, for one, should not be in the least surprised to see him win. Manifesto is very likely to get a place, despite his fifteen years, and Detail may once more get over the stiff country. I think Marpessa is too young to be trusted, and Drumree may not quite stay the course, although it should be borne in mind that he was knocked down in the race last year. Many of the 'cutest backers are supporting Kirkland, probably on account of Mason being the jockey. I have heard wonderful accounts of the well-doing of Drumree, who ran badly last year, but finished second the year before. This smart chaser has received a champion preparation at the hands of Sir Charles Nugent. He looks well, jumps well, and stays for ever. He will be ridden by Percy Woodland, one of the smartest cross-country jockeys we have. I hope to see either Ambush II. or Drumree win, and I must, just for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, give Manifesto for a place. There should be a good race for the Liverpool Spring Cup, for which I am told The Bishop holds a chance second to none.

As only twelve of the forty-six entries for the Chester Cup have declared forfeit, there should be a good race for the Champion Cheshire Cheese, after all. Of those left in, St. Maclou and Sceptre head the list, and a meeting between the pair over two miles and a quarter would, I feel certain, attract a leviathan crowd. Carabine, who won the race last year, stands his ground, and I am told he is to be specially prepared for this race. He was most unlucky when beaten at Ascot last year, and I do not think his then victor, Templemore, will be able to present him with a pound here. John Porter has Friar Tuck, Ice Maiden, Throwaway, and Cupbearer to choose from. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, whose colours were not seen to advantage on the Turf last year, has three horses engaged, in Venus, Pom-Pom, and Royal Ivy. I believe Hayhoe thought very highly of Venus as a three-year-old, and she is just the sort of animal to win at Chester, if she could stay. At present, I fancy Carabine and Venus.

There should be the usual big crowd of shoemakers, nursemaids, and local sportsmen at Northampton on Monday and Tuesday, but the course is so treacherous that it is impossible to expect good sport at

this meeting, and I am surprised that the lessees do not go further afield and build a new racecourse on modern lines. This must happen sooner or later, and the sooner it takes place the better will it be for the race-fund. Only fourteen horses have been left in for the Earl Spencer's Plate. What a contrast to the old days! I met a book-maker only last week who told me he took twenty-five thousand pounds off his brother pencilers when his horse won the Earl Spencer's Plate a little over twenty years ago. The race this year will be a very tame affair, although there are one or two very smart sprinters, notably Le Blizon, La Lune, Ardeer, and Gold Rush. I fancy La Lune will win if fit and well. The Northamptonshire Stakes is no longer "Great." Of the twenty-two entries, seven declared forfeit, and, of the lot standing up, very few have any pretensions to stay the one mile and five furlongs. Caro and Mannlicher may be found to have too much weight. I rather like M'Yardley, who has 8 st. 6 lb. to carry, and I am told that Liquidator, who belongs to Mr. "Boss" Croker, is fancied. I shall, however, stand or fall on Doubtful Honour.

CAPTAIN COE.

The little Scottish town of Dumbarton was *en fête* on St. Patrick's Day, when Sir Thomas Lipton's third Challenger was successfully launched from the yard of Messrs. William Denny Brothers. A special train from Glasgow had brought down a large number of distinguished guests, and though the weather during the previous night and the early part of the day had been so extremely boisterous that it seemed doubtful whether the ceremony would take place, as the hours wore on the wind died away, and within a few minutes of the launch the sun shone out and all was bright. The Countess of Shaftesbury performed the christening rite, and the yacht glided down the ways and took the water without a hitch, amidst great cheering, blowing of ships' whistles, and discharge of fog-signals. Designed by Mr. William Fife, assisted by Mr. George Watson—the gentlemen respectively responsible for the two previous *Shamrocks*—the new Challenger is an exceedingly graceful boat, and embodies many improvements suggested by previous experience. The hull is of nickel-steel, instead of the manganese-bronze used in *Shamrock II.*, which was found to be very hard and difficult to rivet. After the launch, luncheon was served in the Model Room. The Countess of Shaftesbury was subsequently presented with a beautiful souvenir in the form of a shamrock-leaf in diamonds, supported by the flags of *Shamrock III.* and the Royal Ulster Yacht Club. Each guest also received an appropriate souvenir, made of the same metal as the hull of the yacht.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW YACHT, "SHAMROCK III," LAUNCHED AT DUMBARTON ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 28.*

## MARKET NOTES.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has come and spoken—we had almost said, been forgotten—and yet the markets show little activity. There are some signs of improvement, however, especially among the promoters and the Advertising Agents, and we remark as a good omen that Messrs. Walter Judd (probably the best-known of the



LANDING THROUGH THE SURF AT SEKONDI (WEST AFRICA).

big Advertising Agencies) are taking greatly enlarged offices on the ground-floor of No. 5, Queen Victoria Street, in preparation for the increased business they expect is coming along.

Despite the supposed depression in the Whisky trade, the report and meeting of John Dewar and Sons, Limited, must have been good reading for shareholders. The profit of £104,729 for the year shows an increase of £21,000, and is the largest in the history of the Company, and, what is better still, the increase is, according to Mr. John Dewar, due to the steady improvement in the sales both at home and abroad. A dividend of 20 per cent. and an addition of £20,000 to the reserve fund does not look like bad times.

Many of our readers are interested in Contractors, Limited, and, for their edification, we may say that it is rumoured the works for draining the Lake of Guatavita have been practically completed, and most important developments may be expected any day. It may be a good time for those who bought cheap to take a nimble ninepence and clear out; for ourselves, we are going to see it out rather than accept offers of two or three pounds a share, but then ours was only a £10 gamble.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We are this week indebted to the Mantraim (Wassau) Company, Limited, of Southampton Street, for the two interesting photographs of Sekondi beach, one showing the old method of landing goods, machinery, and suchlike things through the surf, and the other of the new pier which, since the place has become the terminus of the Sekondi and Tarkwa Railway, has greatly simplified matters for the mine-owners. We hope in future issues to give views of the railway and the Company's property, with an account of the work in progress. For a gambler to see his money in the air at a steeplechase must have been child's play to the feelings of a mine-manager with a heavy boiler being landed in the ancient method.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Jobber dropped into his place with a weary sigh.

"Might just as well stop at home and save my lunch-money," he complained.

"Is business so bad as all that?" asked The Banker, with apparent concern in his voice.

"Worse—far worse!" replied the melancholy mortal. "I am really painting the picture in comparatively glowing colours and—"

"*Ars longa, vita brevis*," quoted The Engineer.

"So are turns. *Brevis*, I mean," said the ungrammatical Jobber.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," The Engineer pursued his path of proverbs.

"But the body and flesh require something more substantial, and when Kaffirs are going to go better, goodness only knows. I don't."

"You're not goodness, you see," observed the so far silent Broker, receiving a withering look of scorn in return.

"Are these Western Rand Estates any good?" The Merchant looked up from his paper inquiringly.

"Everyone seems to be going for them," returned The Jobber, tentatively.

"Is that always a recommendation?"

"No," The Broker declared. "Far from it. People in the know tell me that the shares are those sort of gambling counters which *may* turn out to be a regular bonanza or else—"

"Lose your money," finished The Jobber. "If folks want to flutter with their bank-balances, who's a humble jobber that he should try to stop them? I go upon the principle of condemning anything which I know to be rubbish; but when a thing's got a chance, let people take the risk if they want to."

"Getting long-winded in your old age!" The Broker rudely remarked.

"Randfonteins are another good gamble," went on the Kaffir oracle, unheedingly. "So are Anglo-French and Oceanas."

"Nobody wants to buy them when there's nothing doing in the market," objected The Merchant.

"That's just it. You public don't mind buying at pretty toppy prices when there's a boom, but you won't hear of making purchases at a time when absence of business makes Kaffirs weak."

"They may go lower," The Engineer advanced, cautiously.

"Quite so. But d'you imagine you are going to get in on the ground-floor or the basement? Knights and Henry Nourse may go an eighth lower, or possibly a quarter, but you will bitterly regret not having picked them up at their present prices when the fun begins."

"We don't know that it's ever going to," and The City Editor looked combative. "These markets pass beyond the wit of man to understand."

"You buy yourself some Wit Deep and never mind the wit of man," counselled The Jobber, superiorly.

"Aren't we bullish this morning!" The Broker exclaimed. "One can almost hear the bubbling of a boom in the near future."

"And that was the tale of the hard-boiled egg—the hard-boiled egg—"

"It's time you gave up being so frivolous," The Broker reproved him. "Such effervescence is only suited to the Stock Exchange Committee-room."

"Or Mineral-water shares," suggested The Merchant, obviously straining after effect.

"Water stocks are all going better," and The Engineer spoke as though he knew.

"For what reason?" asked The Banker.

"The Commission, sir. I have come across a good many people connected with all sides of the question recently, and they mostly seem to think the Companies will come off very well."

"What do the stocks yield at their current values?" went on the old gentleman, adjusting his spectacles.

"They vary from about  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Quotations have already advanced considerably in anticipation of the prices which the Water Board will have to pay if it should take over the undertakings."

"But you think there is room for a further advance?"

"Of five to ten points, I should say."

The Banker put his hand in his breast coat-pocket and took out a portly pocket-book.

"Don't trouble to put it down," interposed The Broker. "I will let you have a list of Water stocks, with the yields obtainable, and then you can see the whole position at a glance."

The Banker thanked him and replaced his book.



NEW PIER AT SEKONDI.



"Water dry subject!" The voice was the voice of The Jobber, but that worthy's face was turned to the landscape.

"Why are you all coughing so violently?" inquired The Banker, innocently.

"It's the changeable weather," explained The Broker, untruthfully. "I am thinking of Brighton for the week-end."

"Good!" said The Engineer. "Not that I'm a bull of 'Berthas,'" he hastily added; "but my wife's trust holds the 5 per cent. Preference stock of the Brighton Railway."

"As good a trustee security as can be found," The Broker endorsed; "as good in its way as Great Western Ordinary may be considered for investment purposes."

"I think you are all very unkind not to congratulate Brokie after he gave you such a very plain hint!" said The Jobber. "Or perhaps you don't know that we now have a Committee-man in our midst?"

The gentleman accepted the congratulations and apologies with an easy grace.

"It's an expensive luxury, all the same," and The Jobber rose to collect his belongings. "Why, Brokie had to lay in a complete set of new hats when the figures were published!"

"Why?" and The Carriage looked puzzled.

"Because his head swelled to that extent it was imposs—!"

The sentence remains unfinished to this very day.

#### BONDS AS SPECULATIONS.

Owing to the recent severe slump in Uruguay bonds, public attention is being directed to this class of speculation rather more persistently than usual. At the time of writing, the relapse in Uruguayan descriptions has not been fully wiped out, but that it will be is considered highly probable. For several years the Republic has been seriously struggling with the difficulties that beset its national credit, and there appears to be a genuine desire amongst the people of Uruguay to follow where they can in the financial footsteps of Brazil and Argentine, meeting their obligations so far as in them lies. Any revolutionary party that might gain the upper hand by militarism would forfeit all the sympathy not only of outsiders, but also of many within its own ranks, did it attempt to repudiate the national debts, and therefore we have little hesitation in venturing to prophesy that both the Uruguay Five per Cent. and the Three-and-a-half per Cent. Loans will regain their former prices whichever side may ultimately triumph. The shake-out in these speculations has given pause to the gamble that started a week or two ago in some of the Central American varieties. An impression of the haziest nature prevails that would credit the United States of America with certain intentions towards the Governmental issues of such countries as Honduras and the others on the same isthmus. But, as the American Government seems to have dropped the idea of establishing a fixed exchange between the States and Mexico, similar suggestions as to Central American Bonds cannot be said to have any startling degree of probability behind them.

#### THE STOCK EXCHANGE YEAR.

To-day, March 25, marks the close of one Stock Exchange year and the commencement of another. Looking back over the past twelve months, the percentage of members who have cause for satisfaction with the financial results must be unusually small, and it can hardly be said that the outlook for the new year offers a prospect any more fruitful. But, as the Kaffir jobbers say, a boom may come upon us any night, and we may wake up in the morning in the very thick of a huge public appetite for South Africans or any other speculative favourites round the markets. In spite of the absence of business, there is little check to the flow of those who offer themselves candidates for membership of the Stock Exchange. About a hundred new members are enrolling themselves this month, nearly all of whom, it may be pointed out, are clerks who have served the four years' apprenticeship, which gives them the right of membership at the reduced fee of two hundred and fifty guineas each. The House is terribly overcrowded, and the amount of business which is left for each individual member is painfully small. From the public point of view, this overcrowding is a distinct advantage, inasmuch as it has largely reduced charges by brokers and the amount of turn which the jobber receives on his side.

Saturday, March 21, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

H. A. J. A. H.—We regret we have got no reliable information as the result of our inquiries about either of the Companies.

WATERMOON.—We sent you the name and address of two firms of brokers on the 18th inst. As to the list of Companies you send, very much depends on whether you want a speculation or an investment; for the latter, we prefer Jays and Maples. Several of the concerns mentioned by you are greatly over-capitalised, and the Ordinary shares represent nothing but "water," better known by the name of "goodwill." Great Boulder is a good mine, but, unless there is a boom, we do not see why the shares should go higher.

G. W.—We do not recommend the purchase. The Company has never paid a dividend since 1895, when it was registered, and, with a capital of £500,000, we cannot see much catch in the shares at present price. As to the highest and lowest prices for the last four years, the task is too laborious for us.

READER and P. E.—We had hoped to deal with your letters in this week's "Notes," but must postpone doing so until our next issue.

#### FINE-ART PLATES.

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FROM WELL-KNOWN

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Mr. H. BROADHURST, M.P., J.P., writes as follows—

"House of Commons Library, Feb. 26, 1903.

"Dear Sir,—I have tried your Cigars, and like them very much. They are well made and in good condition. I thoroughly enjoyed them.—I am, yours truly,

"HENRY BROADHURST."

The Right Reverend Mgr. JOHN S. VAUGHAN writes—

"Archbishop's House, Westminster, Feb. 9, 1903.

"The last box of (Marsūma) Cigars you sent me gave every satisfaction. Please send me now two boxes—100 S.ak, 50 Surabaya.

"J. S. VAUGHAN."

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### Marsūma DE LUXE. Price List.

SIZES.	Packed in Boxes containing	Cost per Sample Box.
No. 1—"SURAMBA"	25	10 -
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Your tobacconist (if satisfied with fair profit) can procure them for you, or we will ourselves forward Sample Box or Boxes, carriage paid, upon receipt of cheque or P.O.

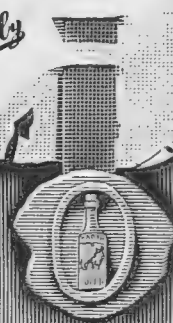
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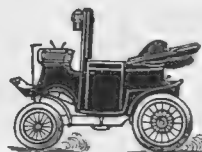
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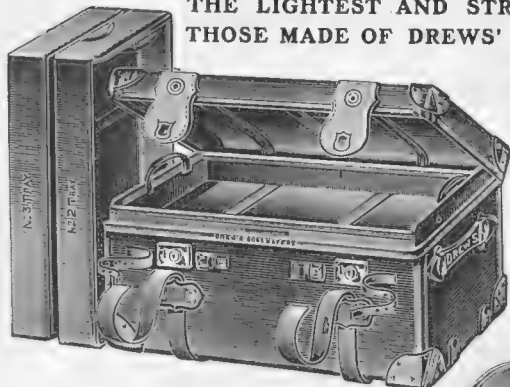


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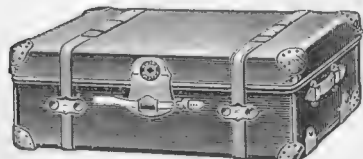
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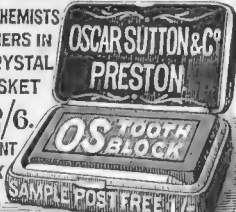
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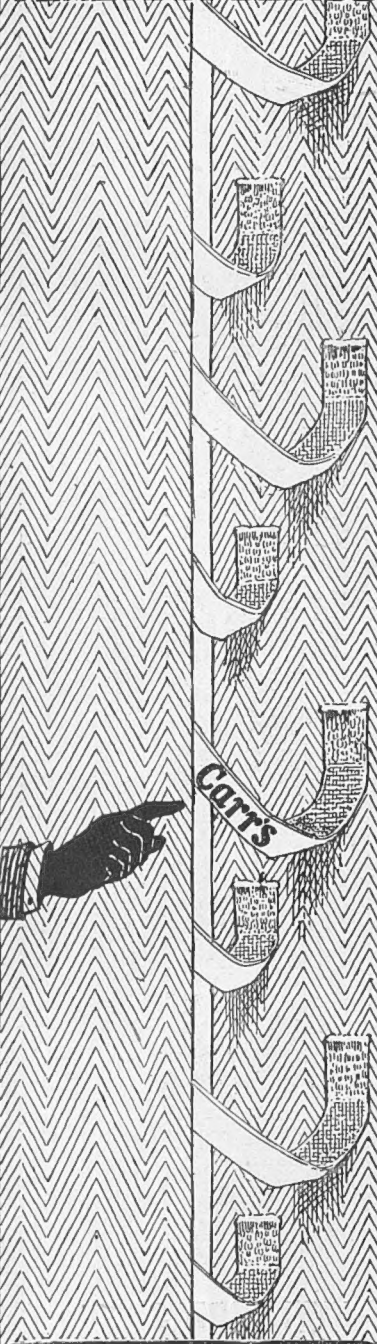
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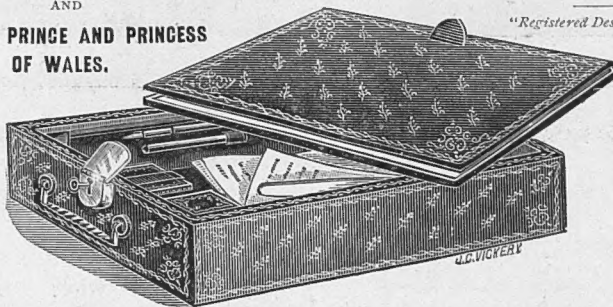
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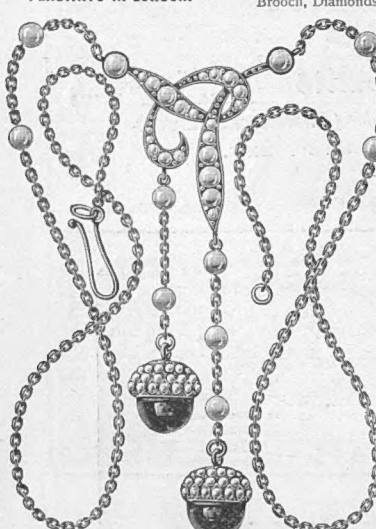
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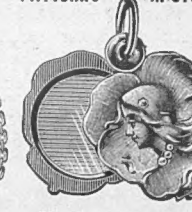
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